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SENATE

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REDFIELD PROCTOR

(Late a Senator from Vermont)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES



Sixtieth Congress
Second Session

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
January 9, 1909

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
January 10, 1909

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DEATH OF HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

THURSDAY, March 5, 1908.

The Chaplain, Rev. Edward E. Hale, offered the following prayer:

*For this cause we faint not. But though our outward man is
decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day.*

* * * * *

*For we know if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved,
we have a building from God, a house not made with hands,
eternal in the heavens.*

* * * * *

*Now he that hath wrought us for this very thing is God, who
also hath given to us the earnest of the Spirit.*

Even so, Father, Thou art pleased to teach us the lesson of life, even at the moment of death. Thou hast promoted Thy servant to higher service, he that had trained himself for such service here. And now we ask Thee in Thine own holy spirit to quicken our spirits that we may not be afraid of the end; that we may accept in Thine infinite providence what Thou hast prepared for us beyond this line of earthly life; that day by day and hour by hour we may come nearer to Thee; and that we may open our eyes to see that larger and better world, and that wider life for which Thou hast prepared us.

Father, we thank Thee for the memories of such a life. We thank Thee for the service that he has rendered to this land.

And we ask Thee to go with us, to go with all these who bear with sorrow of his death, as Thine own children. Amen.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

MR. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, it is with profound sorrow that I announce to the Senate the death of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a Senator from Vermont, which occurred at his apartments in this city last evening shortly before 5 o'clock, after an illness of less than a week. While it was known that the nature of his illness was serious, yet his condition was not considered critical until Tuesday evening, and therefore the announcement comes with a shock as well as with a sense of grief to all his friends and associates.

At some future time, and on an occasion appointed for that purpose, I hope to join with other friends of Senator PROCTOR in this body in paying to his memory that tribute of affection, confidence and esteem which I know is felt by all, and to speak from personal knowledge of what I conceive to be a remarkable life, one marked by great accomplishments.

Senator PROCTOR was a man of strong powers. He possessed keen judgment, an indomitable courage, and an energy that never lagged. His life was one of achievement along all the lines toward which his energies were directed, but however great these achievements have been, they never narrowed his sympathies nor affected his friendships.

He loved his State. He loved her people. His State loved him, trusted him, and honored him. To-day Vermont mourns the loss of her distinguished son.

In order that the Senate may give expression to the feeling which I feel sure is entertained by all his associates, I ask for the immediate consideration and adoption of the following resolution:

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Vermont asks for the present consideration of resolutions which will be read by the Secretary.

The resolutions were read and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a Senator from the State of Vermont.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to take order for arranging the funeral of Mr. PROCTOR.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect his remains be removed from Washington to Proctor, Vt., for burial in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry these resolutions into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives and request the House to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT appointed as members of the committee under the second resolution Mr. Dillingham, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Gallinger, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Taliaferro, Mr. Overman, and Mr. Hemenway.

Mr. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution and ask for its immediate consideration.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Vermont proposes an additional resolution, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to, and (at 12 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, March 6, 1908, at 12 o'clock meridian.

SATURDAY, May 23, 1908.

MR. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, I wish to give notice that on Saturday, December 12 next, after the conclusion of the morning business, I will present resolutions of respect to the memory of REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a Senator from Vermont in this body, and ask that the other business of the Senate be laid aside to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his character and distinguished public service.

WEDNESDAY, December 9, 1908.

MR. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, prior to the adjournment of the last session of Congress I gave notice that on Saturday next I would ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and character of my late colleague, the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR. I desire now to withdraw that notice and to say that I will ask the Senate to consider those resolutions on Saturday, the 9th day of January next.

SATURDAY, January 9, 1909.

The Chaplain, Rev. Edward E. Hale, offered the following prayer:

These men were honored in their generation; and they were a glory in their day.

These were men of mercy, whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.

The people will declare their wisdom; and the congregation shall show forth their praise.

Let us pray.

Father, to-day we thank Thee for the men who have served Thee, and served this people, and served this Nation in the days which have passed, in the days which are here. Thou hast been pleased to answer the prayer of this people. From year to year and from century to century Thou hast sent us men who loved the Nation more than they loved themselves,

who served this people and served Thee. Going and coming—in the field, on the sea—in the wilderness and in this Senate Chamber Thou hast sent Thy servants to do Thy perfect will.

Teach this Nation to-day what it is when men and women and children live for others, when they forget themselves for the common good, when they are strong in Thine almighty strength, when they do not ask to be praised of men, but seek the praise of God.

Bless us in this Congress; bless us in these States; bless us in this Nation; and make of this people that happy Nation whose God is the Lord. We ask it in Christ Jesus.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, Thine is the power, and Thine is the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

MR. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, pursuant to previous notice, I offer the following resolutions and ask unanimous consent for their present consideration.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read by the Secretary.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That it is with deep regret and profound sorrow that the Senate has heard the announcement of the death of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a Senator from the State of Vermont.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay fitting tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions, with the action of the Senate thereon.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the senior Senator from Vermont.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. DILLINGHAM, OF VERMONT

MR. PRESIDENT: If time permitted and I followed the impulses of my heart, I should speak of the man, REDFIELD PROCTOR, as he appeared to me during an unbroken friendship of nearly forty years, the memory of which is rich in associations, all of them hallowed by faith and confidence, most of them made bright by the many-colored lights of agreeable companionship, while some were of that serious, earnest nature through which alone are revealed the deeper and more sacred elements of one's character. But this is neither the time nor the occasion for such an indulgence. A strong man has fallen; an influential Member of this body has suddenly ceased his labors and entered into rest. It is to him as a public servant that we must more particularly direct our attention on this occasion.

It would be a fitting tribute to the high character and to the commanding influence of Senator PROCTOR to say that at the age of 20 he was a graduate of Dartmouth College; that at 23 he received from that institution the degree of Master of Arts; that at 28 he graduated from the Albany Law School, and was admitted to practice in the highest courts of his State; that at 34 he returned to civil life after a distinguished service in the army, first as quartermaster of the Third Vermont, later as a member of the staff of Gen. "Baldy" Smith, still later as major of the Fifth Vermont, having served in front of Washington and on the peninsula, and finally as colonel of the Sixteenth Vermont, a part of the Second Vermont Brigade, whose brilliant

service at the battle of Gettysburg has given it an enviable place in history; that at the age of 37 he had twice served the town of his residence in the general assembly; that at 43 he was representing his county in the state senate, of which body he was president pro tempore; that at 45 he was lieutenant-governor of the State, and at 47 he was occupying the gubernatorial chair; that at 48 he was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Harrison; and at 60 he became a Member of this body, remaining continually in service until he passed from this life to the life eternal.

But such a tribute would be incomplete without the further statement that during a single period of twenty years this remarkable man placed himself in the front rank of those men of genius who have led our nation in its triumphal march to industrial and productive supremacy. Such a record could only be made by one who, in character and achievement, represented the best element in the social, business, and political life of both State and Nation during the period covered by his activities.

In seeking the source of those strong and rugged but safe and sane characteristics, which enabled him to distinguish himself along so many different lines in life's work, we find that he drew his inspiration from an ancestry, all of whom had part in the great movements among the English people toward a larger liberty, during the seventeenth century; who assisted in the development of the great principles of constitutional liberty during the splendid colonial period of American history, who, in every stage of state and national development, have been active and prominent in the maintenance of representative government, and who, during the later period, have been among those who helped to lay the foundations of our unprecedented industrial development.

In his veins ran the blood of Robert Proctor, a freeman of substance and position, who, within ten years after the founding of the historic town of Concord, in the old colony of Massachusetts Bay, became one of its residents, and of Jane, the daughter of Richard Hildreth, the founder of the illustrious family of that name in America. They belonged to that remarkable body of English emigrants who, between 1630 and 1645, found their way to Massachusetts, and of whom Fiske says that "in all history there has been no colonization so exclusively affected by picked and chosen men." They represented all that was advanced in English life and liberty and "came mainly," as Campbell tells us, "from that middle class, the class which, always encouraged by Elizabeth, had in her days filled her universities, given England her literature, and made her glorious on sea and land." They were men who, foreseeing the storm which shook the foundations of the throne a little later, provided for themselves a refuge in New England, where, during the period when the English people were breaking the chains of absolutism, they were laying the foundations of states in which the principle of liberty under law was to find its highest expression.

It was from his grandfather, Leonard Proctor, the head of the family in Vermont, that he inherited his spirit of veneration for those to whom the late Senator Hoar was wont to refer as the "greatest nation builders in the world's history," and his lifelong devotion to the principles of free, representative government; for it was this ancestor who, with his two eldest sons, was active in the war of Independence, taking part in the fight at Lexington, and in the battles of Trenton and Monmouth, and who was chosen by his fellow-patriots as one of the committee of correspondence in 1780, as well as one of the committee "to take under consideration the new form of

government." But it was from his parents, Jabez and Betsy (Parker) Proctor that he derived that rare combination of personal characteristics which enabled him to reach the high pinnacle of success in the establishment and development of great industrial interests and, on the other hand, that unusual mental endowment which enabled him to engage in the broader fields of statemanship, clearly to analyze every proposition, industrial or political, and by logical processes work out to a right conclusion the most difficult problems. The father was a man of vigor and full of resources, a farmer, merchant, and manufacturer, a prominent citizen in his community, standing for all that was best in town and state life; the mother, a woman of unusual character, belonging to a family noted for its strong mentality, and to which Vermont is indebted not only for her great Senator, but for his two distinguished cousins, Isaac F. and Timothy P. Redfield, one chief justice and the other an associate justice of her supreme court.

With such an ancestry, with such connections, and reared among a people whose lives found expression in high thinking and right living, whose ambitions were tempered with reason, but nourished by a belief in the gospel of honest effort, it is not surprising that Senator PROCTOR's life, from youth to old age, was one of marked achievement.

It not infrequently happens that an individual is wholly unconscious of powers which, lying dormant, need only time and opportunity to assert themselves with a commanding and controlling force, a force which gives breath to new conceptions, develops new ambitions, which directs his energies along new lines of effort and, eventually, to a career brilliantly successful, though wholly unanticipated. So it was with Senator PROCTOR. In his youth and young manhood all his ambitions centered in a professional career. It was his settled purpose to devote his

life to the practice of the law, and after his admission to the bar he spent two profitable years in the office of his distinguished cousin, Isaac F. Redfield, who had laid down his work as chief justice to open an office in Boston, where he was engaged in practice and in authorship.

This relation was only severed that he might serve his country in her hour of need, and upon his return to civil life he made haste to reengage in the practice of his profession, this time through a partnership with his comrade in arms, Col. W. G. Veazey, who afterwards distinguished himself as an associate justice of the supreme court of Vermont and as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They opened offices at Rutland, the seat of the marble industry in Vermont, then in its infancy, and their practice was of such a character as to bring Colonel PROCTOR into professional touch with its promoters and into some knowledge of its conditions. His inherited business instincts led him to a closer investigation of such conditions, and he soon became profoundly impressed with the vast possibilities of the industry if properly managed and energetically pursued; and he was subsequently led to assume the management of a plant where ten gangs of saws did the work of a bankrupt corporation. In this work he became conscious of powers and inclinations theretofore lying dormant, the exercise of which gave birth to new ambitions and new purposes which dominated his future life. In short, he discovered himself—his ability as an organizer, a director, a financier of unerring judgment and undaunted courage. In a single decade of time he advanced from the position of superintendent of a small plant to that of president of the Vermont Marble Company, a corporation which he organized and which is now undoubtedly the largest producer of marble in the world. The management of this rapidly growing industry taxed his strongest

powers and called into action all the resources of his naturally strong character. Here was developed the aggressive force, the marked executive ability, the sound judgment, the sagacity and farsightedness, and the stubborn courage which marked his career. Under his direction every department of the business was thoroughly organized with a responsible head; new properties were purchased, new quarries opened, improved methods of operation instituted, and new markets sought and found. Under his forceful and farsighted direction its business increased by leaps and bounds, so that at the end of twenty years of effort he stood prominent among those whose genius has contributed to the Nation's industrial greatness.

It was during this period of twenty years, when time and energies were taxed with exacting cares along the lines already indicated, that he found time to serve his town, his county, and his State in every elective position, from that of selectman in the town of his residence to that of governor of the Commonwealth. In legislative halls and in the executive chamber he met the fullest expectations of the people, making a marked impress upon the thought and progress of the State. From 1880, when his term as governor expired, until 1888 he was admittedly the leader of his party in Vermont, and in the last-mentioned year was chairman of the Vermont delegation to the national Republican convention, which nominated Benjamin Harrison for President. In the election of that year ended the first period of his activity, and in his acceptance of the portfolio of war in the Cabinet of President Harrison the second began.

He brought to the discharge of his duties as the head of the War Department a rare combination of qualifications. To his knowledge of military affairs, acquired by actual service in the field during the civil war, he added the training of a lawyer and the long experience of a notably successful business and politi-

cal career. The period of his service was short, but it was marked by the adoption of many measures that have resulted in great and permanent benefit to the department itself and to the army at large. One only may be now mentioned as an illustration of his administrative capacity.

When Secretary PROCTOR entered the War Department he found that one of the most important branches of its work—that of furnishing information from the military and medical records for the adjustment of pensions, pay, bounty, and other claims of soldiers, their widows, and orphans—was hopelessly in arrears. He found an accumulation of more than 40,000 cases of this kind scattered through many different divisions of the department and in various stages of delay, ranging from a few months to as many years. None of his subordinates responsible for this state of affairs was able to suggest any remedy for it other than an appeal to Congress for an enormous increase of clerical force. But Secretary PROCTOR thought that a simpler and more easily attainable remedy would be effectual, and he applied it, with magical results. In July, 1889, he consolidated into one fourteen different divisions of the department, with all of their employees and with all of their records and business relating to the volunteer armies of the wars, and placed the consolidated division under his own immediate direction, but in charge of a single officer, in whose ability to bring order out of chaos he had confidence.

This radical action met with a storm of objections, protests, and prophecies of disaster both within and without the department, but the results speedily attained silenced the objectors and confounded the prophets. In just three months from the date of the consolidation the enormous accumulation of cases was disposed of, the work was brought up to current date, and from that day to this the claims of soldiers, their wives and

orphans, have never suffered delay in the War Department, substantially all of them being disposed of within twenty-four hours from the date of their receipt.

The consolidated division created by Secretary PROCTOR was subsequently established by Congress as a permanent bureau of the War Department under the name of the Record and Pension Office. The history of that office is too well known to require mention here further than to say that the business methods originated and adopted in it while it was under Secretary PROCTOR's direction were adopted by succeeding Secretaries of War for the other branches of the departmental service. The adoption of these methods resulted in a permanent annual saving of more than half a million dollars in the Record and Pension Office alone, in addition to the great acceleration of work made possible by them, and similar beneficial results have followed their adoption elsewhere. The public owes a heavy debt of gratitude to REDFIELD PROCTOR for the revolutionary and far-reaching measures of reform that he courageously set on foot. And the War Department's collection of more than fifty millions of index record cards, by means of which the crumbling muster rolls and other invaluable records of the various wars in which the country has been engaged were saved from destruction and the historical information that they contain made ready for instant use whenever required, now stands as a monument to him and to his wisdom and courage that made the completion of this great work possible.

Senator PROCTOR took his seat in the Senate in December, 1891, having been appointed by my present colleague, then governor of Vermont, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. George F. Edmunds, and by successive elections by the legislature continued to occupy it down to the time of his death. As a prominent member of the Committee on Military Affairs

and for a considerable time its acting chairman, he brought to that service the wealth of information derived from his administration of the Department of War, and in the consideration of the army and fortification appropriation bills and of all important legislation affecting in any way the organization of the army and the national defense his strength and influence were strongly felt both in the committee and on the floor of the Senate. The possibility of a war with Spain stirred him deeply and roused him to characteristic action. The debates preceding the declaration of war against Spain showed such lack of authoritative information of existing conditions in Cuba and, as a consequence, such wide differences of opinion among Senators as to the policy which ought to be adopted by the Government that he was filled with apprehension, and with characteristic forethought and following a lifelong practice to seek the fullest knowledge of underlying conditions upon which to base his judgment and action, he, on his own responsibility, at his own expense, sought by a personal visit to Cuba to ascertain the real conditions there existing. When, upon his return, he gave to the Senate a cold, bare, plain statement of what he had seen and what he had learned, unaccompanied either by argument or recommendation, he did it with such gravity and such impressiveness that the facts stated burned themselves into the minds of every Senator present, and, being heralded by the press, roused the nation to action.

As chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry he found an especially congenial line of work, and seconded with enthusiasm the efforts of the Secretary of Agriculture to extend the work of that department. It was under his leadership that much of the legislation was adopted which has so marvelously extended the scope of its operations during the last decade, and made it such an important factor in the development of the national resources, in the protection of the

public health and in the individual prosperity of so many of the people.

Time forbids any extended notice of his service in this body. Speaking generally, however, it may be said that it was marked with the same strong characteristics which enabled him to distinguish himself in every position to which he had been previously called. His knowledge of the general field of legislation was broad, his opinions upon public measures pronounced. He approached the consideration of every question from the standpoint of reason, good sense, and the public good. While candid in spirit, open to conviction, and tolerant of the judgment of others, his opinions, once formed, ripened rapidly into convictions which invariably found expression in action. While he never posed as a public speaker, he was, in fact, strong and effective when he engaged the attention of the Senate. His addresses indicated patient research, deep thought, and strong convictions, and his grave and earnest spirit gave emphasis to all his utterances. In debate he was clear, strong, and insistent, but tactful and winning. Those who differed from him recognized in him not only an antagonist of strong purpose but one of strong resources as well.

Politically and socially Senator PROCTOR belonged to the revolutionary period of thought. As a statesman he entertained a profound reverence for the character and the wisdom of the men who framed the Constitution and for the provisions of that memorable document. No one realized more clearly than he the necessity for a strong central government of clearly enumerated and delegated powers, and no one opposed more resolutely any tendency on its part to encroach upon the reserved rights of the States. These were in his judgment, the foundation upon which our liberties were established and upon which their preservation depends. In the operation of the General

Government he had always in mind the admirable system of checks and balances contained in the Constitution to preserve the independence of each of its coordinate branches, and resented with indignation any attempted encroachment of one upon either of the others. He had always in mind Washington's injunction:

Let there be no change by usurpation, for this, though it may in one instance be the instrument of good, is the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed

He agreed also with John Stuart Mill that—

Evil for evil, a good despotism in a country at all advanced in civilization is more noxious than a bad one, for it is more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings, and energies of the people.

He was so strongly impressed with the strong temptation which comes to occupants of the executive chair to make a selfish use of the powers which attach to that position when seeking a second election and to the dangers attending their exercise that as long ago as 1897 he introduced a joint resolution providing that the Constitution be so amended that the President shall hold office for six years and shall not be eligible for reelection. This resolution he supported in a speech rich in material and of commanding force.

As a citizen he belonged to the same school of thought. He accepted as a boy and retained as a man the principles of equality as they were taught by the fathers and embodied in the daily life of those about him. He loved the plain people and mingled with them upon a common plane. His dislike for display was only equaled by his aversion for cant and pretense. Genuine and true in his own character, he was attracted to others by what they were rather than by what they possessed. His strong, serious nature responded to every worthy call, and this, modified by his abundant humor and quaint wit, drew men to him and held them in loyal, devoted,

and lasting friendship. During the whole period of his active life his benefactions were numerous and constant, though for the most part individual and private in character, but during the last year of his life he entered upon a new field of benevolence. Not far distant from his own home there stands, in the midst of a great natural park, the Vermont sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, the gift of Senator PROCTOR. In its grand proportions, its perfect design, and in the completeness of its provisions for the purpose intended, it is an expression of his broad sympathy for the afflicted ones among the people whom he loved so well.

Vermont mourns the loss of a son who honored her as a citizen and as her servant both in state and national life. His memory is fondly cherished by all her people, and his name will be held in honor by succeeding generations.

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA

MR. PRESIDENT: The interesting discourse of Senator PROCTOR's associate in this body [Mr. Dillingham] has admirably depicted his remarkable career, and I, who knew him from a different standpoint, may properly be less comprehensive. But I am gratified to pay my tribute to his acknowledged worth, which I well realized and honored.

After a long, busy, and achieving life, REDFIELD PROCTOR, senior Senator from Vermont, ended his days in this city on the 4th day of March, 1908, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. In the fulness of time, amidst the fruits and honors of his labors, he passed to the last account.

"The glory of man is strength." So it hath been and so it will be in all generations, for it is only by strength of one sort or another that the higher performances of man can be accomplished. The healthy mind in the healthy body is the instrument of Providence by which man's best achievements are secured.

Senator PROCTOR was a strong man. He stood straight and tall and possessed a well-knit and shapely frame. His high, broad forehead and the outlook of his face betokened the strength of intellect that was in him. He was strong of limb, of will, and of purpose, as he was of brains. His was not a nature to beat itself against the bars with restless and aimless fervors, or to indulge in hesitating fancies and fitful and indecisive undertakings. While in no wise a sentimentalist, he had an honest mind and sound sentiments that gathered around them brave and good purposes.

"Good thoughts are only as good dreams," said Francis Bacon, "unless they be put to act."

PROCTOR was not a dreamer, except of things that might be put to act and come to pass for good. He made ceaseless efforts for self-development, and for improvement and advancement of State and country in all directions.

His life indeed was a straight line of action from reflection to design; from design to preparation; from preparation to objective effort; and from effort to consummation.

It was a siege with a city before him to be taken, and he advanced with the regularity, skill, and precision of the engineer the encircling lines that brought him conqueror to the citadel.

His mind was eminently practical. He was a man of business capacity, and as such he scanned the face of environments and measured with them his just ambition. He succeeded because he looked at facts as they were without the extravagancies of imagination and without illusion.

We can not analyze a man as we can a mineral, nor measure him like a yard of cloth, nor weigh his fine subtle quality like some material substance, but we may discover the governing faculties and principles of his life, and we found them in Senator PROCTOR in his well rounded and equipped mind, illumined with the clear white light of common sense and in his ceaseless application to the tasks which he undertook.

We may not label all of man's talents or attainments or accomplishments, for many will appear dwarfed or be obscured by the necessity or concentration in his chosen occupations. Jefferson might have made as great a fiddler as Ole Bull could he have subsided in the peaceful pursuits of inclination, but he heard before him the trumpet of his life, and to that trumpet call he responded in assiduous and unrelenting toil for liberty and country. "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost,"

sighs the poet; but the world has found consolation that the muse was neglected by him who will live in jurisprudence as the great jurist, Lord Mansfield.

PROCTOR laid the foundation of a broad, enlightened career by his graduation at Dartmouth College and his course afterwards at the Albany Law School. As he planted so did he reap. A classical education is always expanding and enriching to the apt intellect, and the study of law must ever remain amongst the noblest employments of the citizens of a republic. Heredity, environment, and education mold and direct character. The product of a venerable and worthy institution which preserved its franchises and properties by the decision of John Marshall, contributed to by the logic, the eloquence, and the tears of Webster, of whom it was the alma mater; and also the product of a State which had the same tendencies of political judgment, he was naturally a Federalist, and throughout his life he was true to his convictions and direct in their expression.

For a while after he came to the bar he was the partner of his cousin, Judge Isaac F. Redfield, who, as author and jurist, made an enduring reputation with which all devotees of the legal profession are familiar.

In 1861 came the war, and with it the trumpet blast to us—the same scene at every crossroad, village, city, and town North and South. Senator PROCTOR was then 30 years of age, and like the great mass of spirited and patriotic men of his times, he joined the colors and the citizen soldiers that were trooping to the battle. Lieutenant and quartermaster of the Third Vermont Regiment, major of the Fifth, and quartermaster on the staff of that distinguished officer, Gen. "Baldy" Smith, he became in 1862 the colonel of the Fifteenth Vermont Volunteers and shared the fortunes and adventures of a soldier's life. Stanard's brigade, to which he belonged, became

justly renowned for its steadiness and courage, and on many a field proved its valor and endurance, and won from both friend and foe the honors which are inevitably achieved by the soldier who deserves them.

The American soldiers on both sides at the close of war well understood that it destroyed its cause, and that nothing stood between them in the nature of things that should repress concord, mutual esteem, and friendship. To-day their feelings are fulfilled.

In 1869 he became the manager of a marble company near Rutland, which ultimately united with another company of the same place and became the Vermont Marble Company, with REDFIELD PROCTOR as its president.

The business was a small one when he entered it, but before he left it it had expanded to a vast enterprise and became the largest marble-producing organization in the world, with offices in all the great marts of commerce. Like the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and like indeed nearly all of the mighty organizations which have covered our land with industry, it was the product of small and persistent beginnings and long struggles with difficulty, but became a shining illustration of the maxim that "labor conquers all things."

He became a leading and important factor in the public life of his own State, and we note there, too, his gradual and unfaltering progress. A selectman of his town; the representative of his county in the legislature; a state senator, and president pro tempore of that body; lieutenant-governor of the State, and then governor thereof; Secretary of War in the administration of Benjamin Harrison; and finally a United States Senator, twice elected, he climbed thus the rounds of the ladder by dint of the capacity and fitness which made themselves manifest and proved their usefulness to the people who selected him.

Vermont has always been ably represented in the Senate; and in Senator PROCTOR's hands that distinction was left undiminished.

On the 4th day of March, 1905, Senator William B. Bate, of Tennessee, Senator PROCTOR, and myself were together sworn in as reelected Senators. Senator Bate and myself passed out of this Hall together toward the front of the Capitol and the inaugural ceremony of President Roosevelt. On the way I congratulated him upon the honors the State of Tennessee had so often conferred upon him, and expressed the hope that he might long live to receive them. The jostling crowds passing through the Capitol separated us upon the way and, all unconsciously to us both, we were separated forever. I never saw his face again. In the damp, cold air of that bleak day he contracted pneumonia, and I had scarce heard that he was sick when the news came that he had passed hence.

Honored by the Senate by appointment as one of the committee to attend his remains, which were buried in Nashville, I there met Senator PROCTOR, and together we rode over the field of the bloody battle between Thomas and Hood and their valiant armies. We there viewed the remains and observed the relics of the decayed fortifications, where we were reminded that the weapons of war between Americans had perished. We exchanged reminiscences and observations of the great conflict in which both of us had shared on opposite sides. As we drove back to the city, he said to me, somewhat to my surprise:

I think you will live longer than I, and if I should die before you, I hope you will attend my funeral.

I had never been what might be called an intimate of Senator PROCTOR, but I had been frequently and agreeably in conference or consultation with him about the affairs of the army or other matters of interest here, and entertained for him a

cordial regard, and I was glad to discover in the nature of his remark that it was not without reciprocation. I congratulated him on his strong constitution and his great power of endurance, and expressed the hope that so painful a duty might never be mine. But on the third anniversary of the day that Senator Bate had contracted the fatal disease that killed him, Senator PROCTOR ceased forever from his earthly labor and passed to rest.

At the time of his funeral I was sick in bed with an attack of grippe, which was prevalent in the city, but I recalled our conversation as imposing upon me a sacred obligation, and had the mournful satisfaction of discharging it. A snowstorm raged from the time we left Washington until his body was deposited in his native dust, while the winter winds and the heavy snow swept down the valley where his tomb is located.

At Proctor, the town he founded, I saw the work of his constructive genius in a thrifty community, in the mills for cutting stone which he had built there; and also noted the profound respect for him which filled the hearts of his neighbors and employees who gathered against the storm to pay to his memory the last honors which they felt were due to their benefactor. It was a picturesque and beautiful scene of industrial advancement, comfort, and adornment, as well as a mournful illustration of the last scene of all. Model houses had been furnished to the workers at low rentals; gardens surrounded them; a well-equipped hospital which provided free nursing to the employees and to their families had been established; accident insurance without cost to them had insured wages and medical attention in sickness, and in case of death \$500 for the care of their families; a library and Young Men's Christian Association Building had been provided, and there, visible to the eye, was a monument of accomplishment and a very nursery of the genius

of initiative effort and labor such as PROCTOR, the founder, had himself exemplified.

Here in the Senate Senator PROCTOR had shown a character and established a reputation which were like in consonance with his antecedents. As a debater, he did not speak frequently, but whenever he spoke it was forcibly, aptly, and to the point; and when he got through always left a strong impression upon the minds of those who heard him. It was said of an English king that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. PROCTOR never said foolish things. It was his habit to do wise ones.

I had the pleasure and honor of hearing the speech to which his associate referred, upon the conditions in Cuba and our relations with Spain. It was a speech comprehensive in its statements, clear in its argument, and conclusive in the resultant good which flowed from it. I have heard many speeches in this body, but I can recall none other which was more clearly the cause of the result that followed. He was specially useful on the Military Committee, for which service both his experience as a soldier and as Secretary of War had admirably equipped him, and also on the Committee on Agriculture, to which he gave particular attention. But PROCTOR was a man who neglected no work, and whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might. Many of our recent military reforms he had brought forward and advocated. He did much good work also on other committees. He revealed no disposition to discuss those delicate questions which involve sectional relation, and are sometimes sources of pain to many, however sincerely made, and are not often of benefit. There was the dignity of reserve, as there was force of speech, evinced in his appearances. He knew not only the power and effectiveness of pertinent utterance, but he knew also, what some of us may sometimes forget,

the power of silence. He was a ripe man, with a well trained mind, and his experience in the hard struggles and accomplishments of life had rounded rather than sharpened him.

In man's fitful journey across the surface of this rugged and troubled sphere he can but seldom leave behind him durable and beneficent signs of his life work.

The myriads come and go without footprints, the worthy and useful as well as their opposites; brilliant intellects and eloquent tongues; noble hearts and strong arms; glorious spirits, with heavenly aspiration, often rest in unknown graves side by side with those whose lives were unavailing. The man who lives long and who also has the good fortune to do something by which he may be remembered, even in one of many deeds, is the rare man; and he is likewise the exceptionally rare man who, passing through the seven ages of man, fulfills to each age of life work his worthy and appropriate part. This Senator PROCTOR did in his family, in his State, and in his country. Albeit that his name is interwoven with the texture of the history of his State and Nation, albeit he raised many by merit to high trusts, PROCTOR's name is also identified with many tasks and durable achievements of his private enterprise worthy of commemoration, and it is a pleasure to note that an "heir to him succeeding" takes the helm of state and the responsibility of business which his father before him had held and borne.

He who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one had grown before is justly accounted the friend of and provider of the human family. How much, then, must be esteemed he who smites the barren rocks and pours forth from them the stream of prosperity. He built a town, and established industries in the rugged ledges and by the waterfalls of his native streams. There to-day are thrifty and happy homes, with strong and hopeful hearts, where he led the way of utility, culture, and progress.

Here and there are the marble blocks brought forth by the alchemy of toil to shapeliness to be turned to gold. Forth from the hills of Vermont go the polished products to build the homes and public edifices of a great people.

Hugh Miller read, as we are told, the "Testimony of the rocks," and saw in it the work of the ages long gone by.

PROCTOR read the "testimony of the rocks" in his native State and saw in them the possibilities and auguries of fruitful days to come.

The genius of organization and the genius of labor are the distinguishing marks of our national ascendancy and constant progression. Organization is the master faculty of the English-speaking people, surpassed by none of the people of either ancient or modern times. Here in America that faculty has been multiplied in its diversities.

Labor is the only king of divine right, and from it the master faculty has been led forth to unprecedented fruition.

In his faculty of organization and in his constant toil, PROCTOR proved himself to be the true interpreter of nature and the true student of her art. Above the faculties I have noted is the master public passion of our race, our country, and our motherlands before us. "We must be free or die" who speak the language Shakespeare spoke." A soldier, statesman, and citizen who possesses the master faculties of his folk, and their master passion likewise, has gone to his honored rest. May his ashes rest in peace and his memory be cherished in the just honor which he won, and may the consolation which only He who made us, by deeds can give to them, bind the wounded hearts of those nearest and dearest to him.

ADDRESS OF MR. PERKINS, OF CALIFORNIA

MR. PRESIDENT:

Friend after friend departs.
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

For many years I enjoyed the acquaintance and cherished the good will and friendship of the one whose memory we meet to-day to honor. From him I learned the story of his eventful life and experience.

More than three-score and ten years ago, in the month of June, amid the hills of the Green Mountain State, a child was born to Jabez and Betsy Proctor. They called his name "Redfield." His boyhood was passed in the town of Proctorsville, Vt., where he attended school in the little "red schoolhouse," famous in the history of New England. I have never heard that he shone there with any particular brilliancy, but it is said that one day a phrenologist visited the school, and among all the scholars singled out REDFIELD PROCTOR as being phrenologically destined to achieve greatness.

Having received a thorough preparatory education, the youth entered Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H., from which he was graduated in 1851, in his twentieth year. Here he "toed" the football over the campus and got into as many scrapes as most college boys.

Choosing the profession of law, he entered the law school at Albany, N. Y., was graduated in 1859, was admitted to the bar of that city and also that of Woodstock, Vt. He was taken into the office of his cousin, Judge Isaac F. Redfield, who at that time was one of the leading lawyers of Boston.

At the beginning of the civil war Mr. PROCTOR at once returned to his native State and enlisted in the Third Vermont Regiment. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaign and suffered disabling hardships which made it necessary to resign his commission and return home. The next year, having regained his health, he was anxious to return to the front and was made colonel of the Fifteenth Vermont Regiment.

Directly after the surrender of Lee, Colonel PROCTOR returned to his home in Proctorsville and took up the occupation of farming. It is recalled that at this period he was often seen clad in a blue-and-white striped frock reaching down below his boot tops, trousers tucked in his boot legs, whip in hand, traveling beside a pair of large red and white oxen going to his farm land in another part of the village. He little knew then that he was preparing himself for the duties which devolved upon him later in his life as chairman of the Committee on Agriculture of the United States Senate.

Several years later he entered into partnership with Col. Wheelock G. Veazey, of Rutland, Vt. Finding the law too slow a road to wealth, he became connected with the Southerland Falls Marble Company, which in after years developed into the Vermont Marble Company, and under his management became the greatest marble center in the world.

The first public office which REDFIELD PROCTOR held was that of selectman of the town of Rutland; the last, that of United States Senator, which office he filled from October 18, 1892, until his death, March 4, 1908.

The office of selectman is a minor office, so to speak, yet the duties devolved by it subject the incumbent perhaps to a more severe ordeal than that to which some of us who to-day occupy positions in the Congress of the United States are subjected, for the friends and neighbors of a selectman are not unscathing in their criticisms of his official acts.

In the meantime Mr. PROCTOR had been selected by citizens of his State to represent them in the lower and subsequently in the upper house of the legislature; had been elected lieutenant-governor, and later governor, of Vermont. In March, 1889, President Harrison appointed him Secretary of War. His administration has been considered one of the ablest in the history of that department, as was so well stated by the Senator from Vermont [Mr. Dillingham] this morning.

On the retirement of Senator George F. Edmunds, in 1892, Governor Page appointed Secretary PROCTOR to fill the vacancy until the next meeting of the legislature of Vermont, which elected him to fill the unexpired and the full term, the latter ending March 4, 1899. He served the people of his State so well that he was twice returned to this body by an almost unanimous vote of his legislature.

It is said that in the lives of men who have become great some trait of character is dominant. In the case of REDFIELD PROCTOR it is difficult to say what was his leading talent, for in him nature had combined courage, patience, perseverance, endurance, aggressiveness, loyalty to State and country, intelligence, beneficence, and an intense love of nature and of nature's works.

We, his associates and friends, performed the last sad duty of accompanying his remains to his home, and laid him to rest amid the snow-covered hills of his beloved Vermont. The cortege passed between thousands of bowed and bared heads, friends from all over the State, and of the employees of the Vermont Marble Works, which, as he often said to me, he considered "his work" more than any other one thing in the world. There, in a section of country with environment and climate forbidding in every way the amassing of great wealth, he made the elements his servants and carved out of the earth a fortune and a monument in comparison with which all others dwindle

in importance, for not only in one spot alone do we see the evidences of his untiring ability and financial genius, but in every city, town, and churchyard are monuments which speak in marble purity to those who knew him by the name of REDFIELD PROCTOR.

In his own little town of Proctor are hospital, church, and library, given by him to his people, while near the town of Pittsfield rises a marble sanatorium endowed by him for victims of tuberculosis, that ravaging disease which is playing such havoc, especially in the cold Northern States. And yet, while the great fortune he amassed to some represents only dollars, it really indicates his ability to think better and to see farther than others into the future. I have spoken of his military honors and those which his State and the Nation conferred upon him.

He did not begin life as a poor boy. He was not a self-made man, but came from well-to-do Vermont parents. He often spoke of his mother and her wonderful strength of mind; her New England thrift, her precepts and examples, which were the guide of his future life.

In spite of all his travels and constant intercourse with the most cultivated people, he never forsook the intermingling of New England provincialisms with his language, using those quaint words so typical of New England, which were as charming in his conversation and as characteristic of the man as is the kilt of the highlander.

Now, I speak of what is probably considered by many to be the greatest event in his governmental career, his visit to Cuba, which has been so feelingly referred to by my distinguished colleague from Virginia [Mr. DANIEL], to see for himself the conditions existing there in 1898, and his subsequent speech in the Senate, giving to our people a description of the

horrors he witnessed. Those of us who heard that speech remember with what vividness he portrayed the conditions then existing in the island of Cuba. He did not intend at that time to deliver as a speech that which he had written, but when he came into the Chamber he found there such a mass of expectant and breathless auditors, the newspaper press being also represented in the gallery and on the floor, that he was impelled to speak. I relate that which I know, for he told me many times that he did not intend to make the speech, but that there seemed to be such eagerness on the part of Senators to know and to hear him tell what he had seen, to learn of his experiences on the island, that he could not resist the temptation, and so he gave us the never-to-be-forgotten story of his trip. What the result was we all know. What would have happened had he not visited Cuba and had he not given us his account in plain, simple words, with no thought of oratory or embellishment, we do not know. That he went there to ascertain the conditions was evidence of his bravery. That he gave the world what he had gained was evidence of his patriotism and public spirit. He desired to know the truth, and his ability to make others see by his words what he had seen with his eyes was evidence of his intellectual power.

His greatest pleasure and recreation were found in the use of the gun and the rod. His simple taste made a "nappee" of bread and milk in the woods a feast. He loved young people, and spent much time with his grandson, Mortimer, teaching him to hunt and fish. The haunts of the deer and the salmon will know him no more; never again with stealthy tread will he stalk the game in the Canadian wilds. His deeds are now only a memory. Their results alone live after him. The "moving finger" has ceased writing, and we are left to mourn the loss of one who, whatever else he was, was every inch a man, a statesman, and a gentleman.

May we not learn a lesson from the lives and careers of those with whom we have been for many years officially associated, but who have answered the last roll call and passed to that bourn whence no traveler returns?

As the mariner hails with confidence the beacon light that guides him safely past the rocks and shoals that menace disaster, so may we gain wisdom from the knowledge and experience of the eminent statesmen whose life work fills some of the brightest pages in the history of our country. Then, let us gird on the armor of patriotism and inscribe on our hearts the motto:

Show us the truth and the pathway of duty,
Help us to lift up our banner sublime,
Until earth is restored to its order and beauty,
Lost in the shadowless morning of time.

Teach us to sow the seed of many a noble deed,
Make us determined, undaunted, and strong,
Armed with the sword of right, dauntless amid the fight,
Help us to level the bulwarks of wrong.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAY, OF GEORGIA

MR. PRESIDENT: The first time I met Senator PROCTOR was in March, 1897, just before I became a member of the Senate. Of course I knew before that time of the public services of Senator PROCTOR, for he had been governor of his State, Secretary of War, United States Senator for six years; besides he had been prominent in the counsels of his party for more than a quarter of a century. He was a delegate to the national Republican convention of 1888, which nominated Mr. Harrison for President, and was an ardent and influential supporter of Mr. Harrison and contributed materially to his successful nomination and election. The conspicuous part he bore in this convention attracted the attention of the entire country, and it was generally known that he enjoyed the confidence of President Harrison throughout his administration. But, Mr. President, I desire to speak of Senator PROCTOR only after our personal acquaintance and senatorial associations. The distinguished Senators from Vermont will doubtless go into the details of his entire life.

I remember well that when I entered the Senate the appropriation bills were referred to and considered by the Appropriations Committee. These supply bills now carry nearly a billion of dollars per annum. Senator PROCTOR insisted that the supply bills should be divided up—the post-office appropriation bill to go to the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, the agricultural appropriation bill to go to the Committee on Agriculture, the Indian appropriation bill to the Committee on Indian Affairs, the supply bill to support

the army to the Committee on Military Affairs, and the naval appropriation bill to the Committee on Naval Affairs. This was a radical change in the policy of the Senate and necessarily took from the Committee on Appropriations nearly half of the supply bills. Senator PROCTOR insisted with great energy that no one committee ought to have to deal with all of the supply bills; that this responsibility should be divided with other committees and the committee work of Senators equalized. When he first began this fight it seemed impossible for him to succeed. But he was thoroughly convinced that he was right, and being a man of strong convictions, he knew no such word as failure. He pressed his fight energetically and continuously for weeks and months until success crowned his efforts. I sympathized with his views and gave him my humble support, and from that day to the day of his death we were warm personal friends. He was ever ready to practice self-denial when it involved the preferment of a friend. I watched his course with peculiar interest and pride. He possessed strong convictions and contended with all of his energy and powers for the views he entertained and the cause he espoused.

His judgment in business and on public questions was uncommonly good. He possessed a powerful physique, an extraordinary intellectual endowment, and was absolutely free from insincerity or affectation. He had the happy faculty of approaching men in such a manner as to impress them favorably, both as to himself and his subject. I am happy to say that the friendship which sprang up between us nearly twelve years ago was continuous until the sad day when he left us. We did not always think or act together on political questions. We belonged to different political parties. We often, however, did agree on public questions. While it is

true our lives sometimes ran in different channels, I always felt for him, as I believe he did for me, a peculiar attachment. I had every assurance that he was my friend, and I never hesitated to let him know that I was his friend. In all the relations of life I found him to be genuine, sincere, and loyal—qualities which go to make up the best man can hope to attain.

I watched his public career with interest. As a Senator he was industrious, practical, and successful in whatever he undertook. He was a careful, painstaking, forceful, and conservative legislator, broad in his views and kind and considerate of others. He enjoyed in a remarkable degree the confidence of his colleagues. He was a powerful factor in molding and shaping public opinion. Before the United States declared war against Spain on account of conditions existing in the island of Cuba, Senator PROCTOR visited that island, making a most thorough examination of conditions existing in the Island. He visited all sections of Cuba and made himself thoroughly familiar with the misfortunes of this unhappy people—and when he returned to the Senate he was perfectly familiar with the sufferings of this oppressed and downtrodden people, and he brought a message to the American Senate and to the American people which aroused the conscience of this Nation and resulted in bringing about war between the United States and Spain.

He delivered a most remarkable speech in the Senate, March 17, 1898, describing pathetically the sufferings of the Cuban people. I quote briefly a few of his remarks on that memorable occasion.

Senator PROCTOR said:

Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water, and foul food or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they can not be saved? A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chests terribly emaciated, eyes swollen, and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size. The physicians say these

cases are hopeless. Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consuls that they have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market, surrounded by food. Before Weyler's order these people were independent and self-supporting. They are not beggars even now. There are plenty of professional beggars in every town among the regular residents, but these country people, the reconcentrados, have not learned the art. Rarely is a hand held out to you for alms when going among their huts, but the sight of them makes an appeal stronger than words. I went to Cuba with a strong conviction that the picture had been overdrawn; that a few cases of starvation and suffering had inspired and stimulated the press correspondents, and that they had given free play to a strong, natural, and highly cultivated imagination. Before starting I received through the mail a leaflet published by the Christian Herald, with cuts of some of the sick and starving reconcentrados, and took it with me, thinking these must be rare specimens, got up to make the worst possible showing. I saw plenty as bad, and worse; many that should not be photographed and shown. I could not believe that out of a population of 1,600,000, 200,000 had died within these Spanish forts, practically prison walls, within a few months past from actual starvation and diseases caused by insufficient and improper food. My inquiries were entirely outside of sensational sources. They were made of our medical officers, of our consuls, of city alcaldes (mayors), of relief committees, of leading merchants and bankers, physicians, and lawyers. Several of my informants were Spanish born, but every time the answer was that the case had not been overstated. What I saw I can not tell so that others can see it. It must be seen with one's own eyes to be realized.

I have endeavored to state in not intemperate mood what I saw and heard, and to make no argument thereon, but leave everyone to draw his own conclusions. To me the strongest appeal is not the barbarity practiced by Weyler, nor the loss of the *Maine*, if our worst fears should prove true, terrible as are both of these incidents, but the spectacle of a million and a half of people, the entire native population of Cuba, struggling for freedom and deliverance from the worst misgovernment of which I ever had knowledge. But whether our action ought to be influenced by any one or all of these things, and if so, how far, is another question. The large number of educated and patriotic men, the great sacrifices they have endured, the peaceable temperament of the people, whites and blacks, the wonderful prosperity that would surely come with peace and good home rule, the large influx of American and English immigration and money, would all be strong factors for stable institutions.

The Senate and the country heard this story of the cruelties and wrongs inflicted upon this helpless people, made by Senator

PROCTOR, and after the delivery of that most remarkable speech there was no longer any doubt that Spanish rule must come to an end in Cuba. The United States shortly afterwards declared war against Spain, which resulted in establishing Cuban independence. Impartial history has recorded the fact that Senator PROCTOR did more than any other public man to arouse public sentiment against Spanish rule in Cuba and in favor of Cuban independence and self-government. His powerful speech describing the sufferings of the people of Cuba aroused the conscience of the American people, resulting in a declaration of war against the Government of Spain, which necessarily resulted in banishing from Cuba Spanish rule. The people of Cuba now have a free and independent government of their own, and are making rapid progress in developing the resources of the island, and doubtless have before them a happy and successful future. The cruelties practiced by the Spanish Government have ended, and a new nation has been born, clothed with the right of self-government, and who will deny to the distinguished dead the honor which he deserves for the great work he accomplished in bringing about these results? The good work he accomplished for this suffering and oppressed people has given him a fame which will never perish. All lovers of justice and liberty will continue to sing his praise.

The citizenship of Vermont is of the highest type. They are a practical people, industrious, thoughtful, intelligent, and progressive. They never act without thinking. They look far into the future, and have been great factors in building up the highest and best civilization in the world. They have shown by their history that they appreciate the value of long and faithful service by their public men. Senator Morrill was kept continuously in Congress for forty-three years and nine months. So far as I remember, such public service is without a parallel

in the history of our country. Senator Edmunds served continuously for twenty-five years, until he resigned his seat in the Senate. Senator PROCTOR had been in public life for nearly a quarter of a century. Maine, Massachusetts, and Vermont have been powerful factors in the affairs of this nation since their admission into the Union. The people of those States have always recognized the value of long and continued services in both branches of Congress. These States have sent their ablest men to Congress and kept them there, and necessarily they have had great and powerful influence in shaping the legislative policy of this country.

After an association of eleven years with Senator PROCTOR in this Chamber, I unhesitatingly say that I found him to be strong in his friendships, a broad-minded statesman, a man of unqualified integrity, and kind and gentle in all of the relations of life. Whatever he undertook to do he did well. He was a man thoroughly in earnest, bold in the execution of his plans, and successful in all of his efforts. As chairman of the Committee on Agriculture he took great pains to improve the agricultural condition of the country, and was a warm and staunch friend of the Agricultural Department. He used no surplus words in debate.

He readily grasped the strong points favorable to his side of the question and presented them with force and clearness; and he applied the same methods in business and achieved great financial success in his business operations. Before making up his mind on public questions he was slow to express an opinion. He usually went to the bottom of a question, and after becoming thoroughly convinced that he was right it was almost impossible to successfully resist his opinions.

Senator PROCTOR had passed his three score years and ten, but his mental vigor was in no way impaired, and he was recognized as one of the strong and forceful men of the Senate. His

business life had been crowned with great success. I have been informed that many years ago he took charge of a remarkable industry that had been wrecked and was hopelessly insolvent. By applying close attention to this business, he made it the largest and most successful marble plant in the United States. He was plain and unassuming, free from deceit, and just and considerate in all of his dealings with others. His tastes were simple, and he lived close to nature. A perusal of the Congressional Record during his service in the Senate shows that a splendid public career ended when he died.

He was a model citizen and the highest type of a successful business man.

As governor of his State, as Secretary of War, and as United States Senator he has carved his name ineffaceably upon the records of his State and country.

Senator PROCTOR possessed in a remarkable degree the genius of common sense. He was resourceful and had at his instant command all of his faculties. He believed in work and was a man of indefatigable industry. He taught the doctrine that labor is always rewarded. His life work teaches the American youth that almost any obstacle can be overcome and success achieved by industry. He was no dreamer. Things he did were real things. He was the very spirit of the practical. He believed in building, planning, and reaping. His career as a business man and as a statesman has been most remarkable, and the youth of the country can read and study his life and profit by the lessons he has taught and the success he has achieved. When the oppressed needed a friend, his voice was raised in their behalf.

It is some consolation to his friends to realize that he ran his race well to the end and that his career was crowned with usefulness and success. His manly course has given him a permanent place of high honor in the history of his country.

ADDRESS OF MR. SMOOT, OF UTAH

MR. PRESIDENT: On March 4 last, when the flag above the Senate Chamber was placed at half-mast, we witnessed the emblem of a Nation's grief for the loss of one of her noble, stalwart, patriotic sons—Senator REDFIELD PROCTOR—the Christian, the business man, the soldier, the statesman. It is fitting indeed that we, his colleagues, set apart this day to pay respect to the memory and to extol the virtues of our friend, who has passed the portals of death into a grander and better life. Death, the kind friend of man, opened the gate of paradise and God bade his son enter. We bury the body, but the immortal spirit—that spark of divinity—lives on forever. A noble and well-completed life has been transferred from this world to a more perfect sphere beyond. Senator PROCTOR is not dead; he has simply advanced to a higher life. Rather would I consider this occasion the celebration of his birth into an eternal life than one to mourn his death. All knowledge gained, all victories won, and all ideals realized in this life will be his throughout all eternity.

Thank God, no stain of dishonor rests upon the life of our departed friend. In it no compromise was ever made with falsehood. He worshiped God and loved his fellow-man. He was true to every trust. He was kind and charitable and had every respect for the opinions and convictions of others. He was true to himself, to his family, to his fellow-man, to his country, and to his God. Well may it be said of Senator PROCTOR, "He was an honest man," which is the greatest honor that can be

bestowed upon any man. By honesty I mean more than mere desire or ability to meet all of one's commercial obligations; I mean more than respect for and obedience to law. Millions of men may claim these virtues, yet may not be honest in the broadest sense. These are truly desirable attributes; but honesty means more than all of them, for they may be forced virtues, or may be acquired for selfish gain and advantage. Real honesty is a God-given gift manifesting itself in every act of man toward his fellow-man. It is unselfish, loyal to principle, and true to conviction without thought of consequences. I repeat, Senator PROCTOR was an honest man; honest under all conditions; honest because honesty was a part of his very being. No one ever met him who did not feel he had been in the presence of an honest man. His countenance, his voice—yes, every part of him—was typical of his noble character.

The American people have been benefited by his wisdom, which has gone forth in the laws enacted by Congress, in which he was so deeply interested. Pains-taking in the discharge of his public duties, no Member rendered more faithful and efficient service to his country. We who served with him will miss his wise counsel and valuable advice. His nobility of character, his determined purpose to solve the weighty problems of human government, his zealous devotion to the duties of life, public and private, constitute a legacy that enriches us all.

His ambitions in life were realized by his patient, consistent, and untiring efforts and by his unceasing diligence and deep sense of duty. He rose from the common walks of life to the position of business man, state senator, lieutenant-governor, governor, Secretary of War, and United States Senator, the highest honor within the gift of the people of Vermont.

The life work of this splendid American has ended, and he will be missed by family, neighbors, State, and Nation. Oh,

what a loving father, a devoted husband, a Christian neighbor, a true friend, an ideal American! As long as we believe in loyalty to country, in consecrated public service, in a clean and upright life, so long will the life and services of our friend be remembered and honored by his people.

To his family he has left more than a princely fortune, for he has left behind a successful life, one that will be an inspiration to thousands of young Americans, and a demonstration of the oft-repeated assertion that position, business success, and honor are open to all in this land of freedom, and may be acquired without wronging or oppressing one of God's children.

Senator PROCTOR'S photograph, among others of the great men of this world, hangs in my library. I shall always point to it with pride, and tell the story of his life to my sons with a hope that it will inspire in them lofty ideals and be an example to them of business integrity. His life is the highest type of successful American citizenship, and that means the highest known to the human family. It can be truly said of our departed friend that the world is better off for his having lived in it.

In these days, when newspapers and magazines are filled with sensational stories of dishonesty and dishonor among men of all stations of life, people are being impressed more and more with the idea that the future success of our Nation depends not so much upon the culture, the brilliancy, the learning of its leaders in legislative and business life as upon the honesty and integrity of their character. Character exemplifies human nature in its highest forms. It is the corner stone of individual greatness—the Doric column of the majestic structure of a true and dignified man, who is at once a subject and a king. The true worth of an individual, a community, a nation, is measured by the strength of their character.

No taint of corruption rests on the character of REDFIELD PROCTOR. It was without blemish, firm and true, the source of his happiness. Neither wealth nor the praise nor the allurements of this world could pollute it. As long as the affairs of this Republic are directed by men of Senator PROCTOR'S high character, its future welfare will be assured.

Mr. President, there is a future, as there was a past. God has withheld the recollection of our former existence for a wise purpose and mercifully hidden from us the full glory of the future. Yet ofttimes a secret something whispers, "You are a stranger here," and we feel that we have wandered from a more exalted sphere. This life is but a part of the great plan of salvation, which was laid before the foundation of the world. Our earthly bodies die and return to dust, but our spirits are immortal and live forever. No human soul is satisfied with the hopeless horror of oblivion. It can not be possible that our life is a bubble upon the ocean of eternity, to float for a moment upon its surface, and then to burst into nothingness and darkness forever! To admit such a thought is to confess that the human family is damned from birth to death. Our destiny is higher than that of earth. Death is not so terrible, properly viewed. It is the pleasant transitional stage from an earthly to a more perfect life. For centuries men have doubted the immortality of the soul. But none have approached the Throne of Grace in humble supplication who have not received hope and faith and knowledge.

Revelation and reason both assert the same glorious hope. Why, then, should we view death with terror? Ought not we rather look forward to it as the final triumph of a well-spent life? So I say that the death of our colleague is our loss, but his everlasting gain. Our hope of a resurrection is

glorious to contemplate, when body and spirit will again unite and come forth triumphantly to reap the reward of the deeds done in the body and to receive the crown of eternal life, which is the greatest gift of God. Let us feel that our friend has been given a higher and greater commission, and let us have faith that we shall again meet him and have the pleasure of his personal association. We will meet him; we will recognize him; we will know him.

I have experienced the sad separation by death of a father, and I know the grief it brings. My heart goes out in sympathy to the widow and family in this their bitterest hour of trial. God comfort them and grant His choicest blessings upon them. May they seek consolation in the unshaken belief that God is just and "knoweth best."

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So, God perhaps is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
O do not blame his loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

ADDRESS OF MR. CRANE, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. PRESIDENT: The death of REDFIELD PROCTOR caused genuine sorrow not alone within the State of Vermont, where he had lived and where his career had been such a source of pride and satisfaction to his fellow-citizens, but throughout the country. The passing away of such a man is a distinct loss to the Nation he has served with so much ability for so many years. I esteem it a privilege to give public expression of my regard for him and of my deep appreciation of his many good qualities.

His was indeed a remarkable career. If any man ever successfully stood the test of service, it was Senator PROCTOR, who, through a long and very active life, let no opportunities for usefulness pass by him. Placed in many positions of great responsibility, he always gave the best that was in him. Essentially a man of affairs and possessed of great executive ability, he was ever equal to the demand of the hour. After graduating from Dartmouth College and the Albany Law School he became for a time a resident of my own State and practiced law in the city of Boston. It was while he was engaged in the practice of his profession there that the civil war began. The call of Abraham Lincoln for volunteers met with an instant response from him, and he returned to his native State for the purpose of entering the army. He served with distinction through practically the entire war, during the latter part being colonel of the Fifteenth Vermont Volunteers. He early showed an intense love of country, which was characteristic of him to the end.

With the close of the war he returned to Vermont, and for forty years was an important figure in its public life. It was in

1867 that he was first chosen a member of the State legislature, and from that time honors crowded rapidly upon him. He became lieutenant-governor. He made a strong and popular governor, and his administration was marked by much important legislation passed upon his recommendation. He was an efficient Secretary of War under President Harrison, and became a United States Senator in 1891. From that time until his death he was a hard-working, influential member of this body, and impressed himself not only upon his fellow-Senators, but upon the country as a man of sturdy common sense, strength of intellect, and honesty of purpose. Always alert to promote the interests of his State, he was not one who was actuated by sectionalism, and his efforts were directed toward the progress and development of the whole country. The effect of his speech upon conditions in Cuba, after personal inspection on the island, will not soon be forgotten. His plain, straightforward recital of the dreadful suffering there made a profound impression upon his countrymen, and undoubtedly exerted great influence in bringing about American intervention.

The industry, thoroughness, and painstaking effort which were so evident in all of his public life were also shown in his business affairs, and under his management the marble works at Proctor, Vt., grew from small beginnings to be the largest of the kind in the world. Indeed, few men have been able to accomplish so much or have worked in so wide a field. Success crowned his labors to an unusual degree. United with great ability was an attractive personality. Cordial, hearty, and approachable, he was a delightful companion, and he will be greatly missed by his associates.

As we extend our deepest sympathy to his stricken family, we can rejoice in the inspiring memory he has left to them and to us.

ADDRESS OF MR. HEMENWAY, OF INDIANA

MR. PRESIDENT: I desire to add a few words of tribute to the memory of a great and good man, Senator REDFIELD PROCTOR. My acquaintance with him extended over a period of twenty years, and the more intimately I knew him the stronger my friendship for him became. He was a man to be trusted and loved, and throughout his public career no one could point to any act of his that did not reflect credit upon him and upon the State which he represented.

I met Senator PROCTOR first at the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1888. He headed the Vermont delegation and cast the vote of that State for Benjamin Harrison. For this the people of Indiana have always felt grateful to him, not only because he supported our candidate for the Presidency, but also because it showed his judgment and patriotism in throwing his influence for a strong, level-headed, conservative man for the Presidency of the United States.

Harrison's administration will go down in history as one of the strong business administrations in the records of our country, and in my judgment no higher compliment can be paid a President or any other officer of the Government or representative of the people than to say he had great business ability. For, after all, this Government of ours is nothing more or less than a great business concern, and our people will prosper or fail in proportion to the extent that this Government is or is not conducted in a businesslike manner. When the history of the United States is finally written, it will give credit for results only, and good results can not be obtained except by the appli-

education of proper business methods. Judged by this standard, Harrison's administration will be pronounced a success. In this connection Senator PROCTOR, who served as Secretary of War under Harrison, will come in for a large measure of credit, because throughout the three years of this administration his strong common sense and business ability impressed themselves upon the President and all who had to do with national affairs at that time.

While a Representative in Congress it was my pleasure to become intimately acquainted with Senator PROCTOR after he had succeeded Senator EDMUNDS, and on various occasions I had the honor of being his guest at his Vermont home. Here I learned more of the excellent and noble qualities of this good man than I had before known. I visited the large marble works of which he was the head, and was deeply impressed with the great respect and love that all of his employees had for him. He had built up this wonderful industry, employing hundreds of laborers, and I found absolute harmony prevailing between the employer and employee. There were no strikes, no damage suits, no discontent, no jealousies nor ill feelings in this plant. Senator PROCTOR had established it and operated it, not alone with a desire for profit, but also with a desire to benefit those who worked for him.

A large store was conducted, and at the end of each year the profits of their store were divided among the employees in proportion to their purchases. He had established a hospital and a system of trained nurses, who took care of the sick and injured. These nurses not only looked after the employees when sick or injured, but visited their homes and took care of any members of their family who might need their assistance. He had aided the employees in building a magnificent Young Men's Christian Association building, with all modern equipments and conven-

iences, and both by precept and example he encouraged those who worked for him to higher and better things.

When I finished my visit through his great marble works I concluded that he had solved the problem of harmony between employer and employee, and I felt that if his example could be extended throughout the whole business world it would solve this much-vexed question and result in great happiness and prosperity to those who labor and be the best possible thing in the world for those who employ labor.

Senator PROCTOR's motive in adopting this plan was not selfish alone, for he was too broad minded and generous to pursue selfish ends; but from a financial standpoint he got greater results and greater returns because of his fair, honest manner of dealing with those who worked for him. He took great pride in the fact that in his employ were many grandfathers, fathers, and sons. He had learned the great truth that honesty and generosity are their own reward.

Senator PROCTOR was a typical New Englander, and was proud of his State and her traditions, and he came from that great New England blood that has given to the United States so many of her best citizens. He was a strong Republican in politics, but cherished no hatred nor prejudice against those of opposite political faith. He gave all men credit for their honesty, and in the Senate of the United States he supported all legislation that seemed to him to be for the general good, regardless of whether it came from the Democratic or Republican side. And as long as there remains in this Senate a man who knew him he will be remembered as an able Senator, honest and patriotic in all his purposes. In his death the country and his State suffered great loss, and I, with many others, was deprived of the counsel of a strong personal friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. PAGE, OF VERMONT

MR. PRESIDENT: It seems to me that no Senator ever lived who was a more complete embodiment of the distinguishing characteristics of the State which he represented than the one to whose memory we to-day pay tribute. No man ever lived who was a more genuine type of the rugged strength of our Mountain State than REDFIELD PROCTOR.

It would not, in this presence, be fitting to claim for Vermont either stronger or better men than those of her sister States, but the occasion would seem to warrant a brief reference to some of the more peculiarly distinctive traits which characterize the men of our State, and to justify an expression of the great personal pride which every true Vermonter feels in those sons who possess the qualities of strength, courage, and independence so perfectly exemplified in the life of Senator PROCTOR.

The first settlers of Vermont were largely of Massachusetts and Connecticut origin; brave, enterprising men who coveted that greater measure of liberty and independence opened up to them by the new Connecticut of the North; men who were attracted to the new State by the rugged, unbroken wilderness which the pioneer spirit prompted them to subdue. To negative characters, to the cowardly, the faint-hearted, the weak, Vermont offered no attractions.

The conditions surrounding the early history of our State were absolutely unique. At no time was Vermont a province; never did she acknowledge herself the dependency of any foreign power or recognize the sovereignty of any king, prince, or potentate. It was a fact well known throughout the colonies

that the same lands formerly granted by Gov. Benning Wentworth, of New Hampshire, were being regranted by Sir William Tryon, governor of New York. It required supreme hardihood and the greatest personal courage on the part of those men who, undaunted by the difficulties and dangers of a strenuous conflict, left the comparative peace and quiet of the more southern settlements of New England, to seek out homes in our unbroken northern forests.

The mountain State of West Virginia has for the motto on its coat of arms the words "Montani Semper Liberi," mountaineers are always free. The strength, endurance, and freedom typified by the mountains do indeed seem to find true kinship in the hearts of mountaineers.

Vermont's chain of Green Mountains, extending from the hills of old Berkshire on the south to the forty-fifth parallel on the north and forming the physical backbone of our little State, only typifies that moral spinal column which runs through our entire state history—a spinal column which, once curved in a righteous cause, no amount of sophistry has ever been able to reduce.

Within those bold pioneer settlers who subdued our rocky hillside farms, battling with the storms and enduring the hardships of our northern winters, that inborn spirit of personal liberty and stubborn independence, that natural love of right and justice, so grew and developed that they became as fixed and unyielding as the very hills themselves.

Capt. Leonard Proctor, the paternal grandfather of Senator PROCTOR, was a pioneer of this type. Having borne a most honorable part in the war of the Revolution, he came to Vermont at the close of that war and settled on the banks of a little mountain stream, to which was given the name of Black River. Here the village, named for its founder, Proctorsville, was

planted, and here REDFIELD PROCTOR was born. Here he learned to fish and trap and hunt. Vermont had no truer sportsman, and his great vigor of body and mind, as many of the older members of this Senate know, was in no small measure the result of his love of the rod and gun.

It has been said that every man is the sum of his ancestors, and if this be true, REDFIELD PROCTOR had a right to be strong. His father, Judge Jabez Proctor, was one of the foremost citizens of Vermont during the early part of the last century, having been a judge of the probate court, twice a presidential elector, and several times a member of the governor's council. His mother also came of strong ancestry. From her parents sprang those distinguished jurists and judges of our supreme court, Timothy P. and Isaac F. Redfield, the latter the well-known author of standard law works and the chief justice of the supreme court of Vermont. It is not often given to one man, as to Isaac Parker, the maternal grandfather of REDFIELD PROCTOR, to be the progenitor of a judge and of a chief justice of the supreme court, two governors of States, a United States Senator, and a Secretary of War.

Of REDFIELD PROCTOR's career as a statesman, of his distinguished service in this body, of the influence of his strong personality upon legislation and in the national field of politics, it is perhaps more fitting that his brother Senators speak; but I can not forego a brief word, giving my personal estimate of a man upon whose life my own has so closely impinged for forty years.

When in 1891, after twenty-five years of distinguished service, that great constitutional lawyer, George F. Edmunds, tendered his resignation as United States Senator, it was my privilege to appoint REDFIELD PROCTOR as his successor. My opinion then formed that the mantle of Edmunds had fallen upon shoulders

which would wear it with honor to Vermont and to our country has only been strengthened by the events of intervening years.

His farsighted, comprehensive grasp of affairs, as shown in the upbuilding of by far the largest marble business in the world, was surpassed by few, if any, of our great captains of industry. He was a tireless worker and a remarkable master of details. He was cool, self-reliant, and resourceful in difficulties, and wonderfully fertile in expedients in every emergency calling for leadership. He formed his opinions upon public matters with excellent judgment and with an earnest purpose to promote what he believed to be the best good of the whole people, and from those opinions once ripened into convictions he was not easily swerved.

He was a generous, large-hearted comrade and friend. It seemed to those who knew him most intimately that the social side of his nature was developed to a degree rarely found in men whose lives were packed so full of strenuous effort and exacting duties. His inexhaustible fund of humor and of native wit made him a most enjoyable companion. He attached himself to those he loved with hooks of steel, and no man would fight harder to promote the welfare of a friend than REDFIELD PROCTOR.

During his many years of public service, commencing with his enlistment in 1861, his patriotic, uncompromising devotion to his country's welfare knew no limitations. As soldier, governor, Secretary of War, and Senator he served his State and the Nation with signal ability, and in his death the country suffers an irreparable loss.

One of the most commanding figures of our time has gone to his rest. He has lived his life, he has fought his fight, he has finished his work. In the midst of one of our fiercest mountain storms we bore him to his last resting place. For a mile on

either side, and forming a double row as guard of honor, stood the men who labored in his workshops and in his quarries—men who had come to love him with an affection begotten of long years of generous acts and of thoughtful regard for their welfare.

In a mausoleum built of his own beautiful marble we placed his body, and there he sleeps beneath the monument erected to commemorate his name; but his life shall have a memorial more lasting than the enduring stone, in the hearts of the people of that State which he loved and served so well.

MR. PRESIDENT, I ask for the adoption of the resolution which I send to the desk.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT. The junior Senator from Vermont submits a resolution, which will be read by the Secretary.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, January 11, 1909, at 12 o'clock meridian.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

THURSDAY, *March 5, 1908.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

We thank Thee, our Father in heaven, for that deep and abiding faith with which Thou hast made an integral part of our being and which under all the strange vicissitudes of life holds us close to Thee and which enables us with courage and fortitude to go forward to the daily tasks which come to us without fear, since Thou art infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness. Thou hast laid a heavy hand upon us in the removal of a public servant, whose strong mind and pure heart made him conspicuous in the affairs of state and nation. His work was of the highest order, his counsels wise and just; he will live in the hearts of his countrymen for what he was and for what he did, and be an inspiration to those who shall come after him.

Comfort, we beseech Thee, the hearts of his colleagues and friends and those to whom he was nearest and dearest by the ties of kinship with the blessed hope of the immortality of the soul, and teach us all so to live that when our days are numbered we may pass serenely on to that larger life in Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. HASKINS. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, senior Senator from the State of Vermont, who passed from this life to the life eternal a few minutes before 5 o'clock last evening. In a short time I shall ask

this House to set apart a day to pay proper tribute to his life, his character, and his distinguished public services. I now send to the Clerk's desk resolutions which I ask to have read and move their adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Vermont.

Resolved, That a committee of six Members of the House of Representatives, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR the House of Representatives do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question will be on agreeing to the resolutions save the last.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair announces the following Committee.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Haskins, Mr. Foster of Vermont, Mr. Parker of New Jersey, Mr. Littlefield, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Slayden.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the last resolution.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 32 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, May 27, 1908.

Mr. HASKINS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following order, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That the House shall meet at 12 o'clock noon on Sunday, December 13, 1908, which day and hour is hereby set apart for memo-

rial addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a United States Senator from the State of Vermont.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the order will be agreed to.

There was no objection.

THURSDAY, *December 10, 1908.*

Mr. HASKINS. Mr. Speaker, on the 27th day of last May a special order was made by the House setting apart next Sunday, December 13, for memorial addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, of Vermont. The Senate has postponed action upon their order. I now ask that a different order be made, changing it to Sunday, January 10, 1909, at 12 o'clock.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman asks unanimous consent to substitute January 10 for the Proctor memorial exercises in lieu of next Sunday. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

SUNDAY, *January 10, 1909.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Hon. Alexander McDowell, Clerk of the House, who directed the reading of the following communication:

SPEAKER'S ROOM,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, D. C., January 10, 1909.

I hereby designate Hon. David J. Foster, of Vermont, as Speaker pro tempore for this day

J. G. CANNON, *Speaker.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chaplain will offer prayer.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

We bless Thee, Almighty God, and adore Thy holy name for that spark of divinity which differentiates man from the rest of the animal creation and makes him a child of the living God,

and which has ever been pushing him onward and upward from savagery to civilization, from darkness to light, from the animal to the spiritual, which brings him nearer to Thee. We thank Thee for the strong, the pure, the noble, the brave who have left the impress of their characters on their respective ages and left behind them their works as a testimonial of their worth.

We are here to-day in the memory of one who was ever found in the vanguard of that eternal march—broad in his conceptions, strong in his convictions, pure in his motives. As a business man, furthering great enterprises, he was ever found pure, honest, and upright in his dealings with his fellow-men; a soldier brave and gallant, who thought it not too much to offer his life, if need be, a sacrifice on the altar of his country; a statesman strong and wise, serving the people of his State and Nation with singular fidelity and ability wherever he was called to serve. We mourn him, but not as dead, for we shall think of him as faring on in some one of God's many mansions. "We leave this and straightway enter another mansion of the King's, more grand and beautiful."

And now, O God, our Heavenly Father, comfort, we beseech Thee, those near to him in the ties of friendship and in the bonds of love and affection, that they may look forward with bright anticipations to a meeting with him, where they shall stay in his presence forever. For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the order for to-day.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That the House shall meet at 12 o'clock noon on Sunday, January 10, 1909, which day and hour is hereby set apart for memorial addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late a United States Senator from the State of Vermont.

MR. HASKINS. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions and ask for their consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 481.

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, late Senator from the State of Vermont.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished career and his great service to his country as a United States Senator, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. HASKINS, OF VERMONT

MR. SPEAKER: Since I entered this Hall as a Member of the Fifty-seventh Congress the Angel of Death has so often appeared and taken from us some Member of this body or of the Senate it would seem that the mortality of its membership had been far greater than that in other occupations of life. The emblems of mourning and the beautiful flowers are scarcely removed and become withered before we behold the like upon the desk of another loved colleague and friend. But amidst our grief let us remember that—

This is the state of man, to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, * * * he falls—

Like autumn leaves that enrich our mother earth.

As our friends, one by one, are called to cross over "the river of human years," it is sufficient to remind us that—

We, too, shall come to that riverside,
One by one,
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through life's deep dream,
Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

On Wednesday, the 4th day of last March, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, senior Senator from the State of Vermont, answered the invitation to "Come up higher," to be numbered with—

The armies of the ransomed saints
That throng the steepes of light.

He was here at the Capitol the Thursday previous attending to his ordinary duties; but feeling somewhat indisposed, he returned to his apartments in the Champlain about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, retired to his bed, and a physician was summoned. His condition was not considered dangerous until a day or two before he passed away. His death, therefore, was quite unexpected, except to the members of his family who attended at his bedside and those of his most intimate friends. On Friday, March 6, a committee of the Senate and House were present at Proctor, Vt., as the last sad rites were rendered by the living to the dead, and saw his mortal remains deposited in the family mausoleum, standing within the shadow of the mountains he loved so well. That he possessed the respect and confidence of the people of his native State is evidenced by his repeated elections to positions of high honor and trust. That he was well loved was fully attested by the presence at his funeral obsequies of more than 4,000 people—representative men from the different walks of life and from every county in the State. "Our grand old Senator is gone; where can we find such another one?" is an expression that was frequently heard among those there assembled.

I am not informed that he was connected by membership in any particular church organization. This much, however, I can say: He was tolerant in his views of all religious bodies, gave liberally to their maintenance and support, observed the Sabbath, and by natural instinct was religiously inclined. How fitting,

then, it is that we meet to speak words in commemoration of his life, character, and distinguished services upon the quiet peace of the Sabbath day.

It had been my good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance and friendship of Senator PROCTOR ever since October, 1862, being officers and members of the same brigade in the civil war. That friendship, highly valued by me, became more intimate during the seven years immediately preceding his death. I found in him not friendship only, but the wise and willing counselor in all matters connected with my official duties here in Washington and as a Member of this House. I sincerely believed in him. He was faithful and just unto me, and I most deeply feel his loss.

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still

For nearly fifty years Senator PROCTOR had been prominently identified with the civil, military, and business life of his State and the Nation. Therefore, in speaking of him on this occasion I feel that little can be said that has not already been spoken or written of him since he entered upon his eternal rest.

He was of English ancestry, the first in his line coming to this country being Robert Proctor, who was a freeman of Concord, Mass., as early as 1643. His grandfather, Leonard Proctor, was an officer in the Continental Army in the war of the Revolution, and became one of the early settlers of Cavendish, Vt., where he founded the settlement in that town known as Proctorsville. He was the son of Jabez and Betsey (Parker) Proctor, and was born in the village of Proctorsville June 1, 1831. His early education was obtained in the public schools of that place, and he completed his studies at the academy in Derby, Vt., preparatory to his entrance in Dartmouth College, from which institution he graduated in 1851, and three years later it conferred upon him the degree of master of arts. Choos-

ing the profession of the law, he entered the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, graduating therefrom in 1859; was admitted to the bar that year at Albany, N. Y., and also at Woodstock, the county seat of Windsor County, Vt. The following year found him in the active practice of his profession at Boston, Mass., in the office of his cousin, the Hon. Isaac F. Redfield, a former chief judge of the supreme court of Vermont.

In 1861, upon the secession of the eleven Southern States from the Federal Union, and war being declared by the General Government for the suppression of the rebellion, moved by that same spirit of loyalty and devotion to his country that actuated his grandfather to go to its defense, and to preserve and perpetuate that Union of States secured under the provisions of our constitutional charter, he laid aside his books, dismissed his clients, returned to his native State, and enlisted in the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteer Infantry. June 19, 1861, he was commissioned first lieutenant and quartermaster of that regiment by the governor, and the following July was appointed to the staff of Gen. William F. (Baldy) Smith, where he exhibited great executive ability in the organization and preparation of raw troops for active service. In October of that year he was promoted to be major of the Fifth Regiment Vermont Infantry, served with them during that unfortunate and disastrous campaign of General McClellan in his attempt to reach the city of Richmond, Va., by the way of the peninsula, and here he won distinction by the excellent judgment he displayed under trying circumstances, his coolness, and bravery. In consequence of the severe hardships he endured among the miasmatic swamps through which he marched and fought in that campaign he contracted a serious illness, which compelled his resignation, and he returned home to secure restoration of health.

In the fall of 1862, with health restored, he was again ready to enter the service of his country, and by reason of his past military experience and his then recognized ability to organize, discipline, and command, on September 26, 1862, he was elected by the line officers of the Fifteenth Regiment of Vermont Volunteers to be its colonel and as such was duly commissioned by the governor. This regiment with the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth regiments of Vermont troops composed the Second Vermont Brigade, which, under command of Gen. George J. Stannard, a Vermonter, won imperishable renown on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg by their gallant and successful assault upon the right flank of the flower of the Confederate army under General Pickett in its splendid charge of nearly a mile across that blood-stained plain with the purpose of breaking through the federal center. Knowing Senator PROCTOR as I did, I have often thought that had he been living May 10, 1775, and had arrived at man's estate, he would either have led the Green Mountain boys or marched side by side with Gen. Ethan Allen in that ever-to-be-remembered assault upon the British fortress at Ticonderoga and compelled its surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

Having served his country with bravery and distinction in the field during the civil war, he again returned to his native State, and soon thereafter entered into a law copartnership with Col. Wheelock G. Veazey, of the Sixteenth Vermont Regiment, subsequently a judge of the supreme court, and for several years preceding his death a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They opened their office in Rutland, Vt., secured a large and profitable clientage, and took a commanding position as a law firm at the bar. Had Senator PROCTOR continued in the practice of the law he would have ranked with the best and

foremost of the lawyers of the State, but he was destined to spend the better portion of his life in other and wider fields of usefulness and labor.

In 1869 he was appointed receiver of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, and in settling the affairs of this concern he exhibited great capacity for business, which he found more congenial than the work in a law office or the trial of causes in the courts. In 1880, the affairs of this company having been adjusted under his wise management, it was consolidated with the Rutland Marble Company under the name of the Vermont Marble Company, in which he secured an interest, became its president and manager, and under his direction its business was increased and enlarged and became, as it still is, the largest marble industry in the world. When he entered into public life he gave up his active connection and participation with its affairs, and since then his son, Fletcher D. Proctor, the last ex-governor of Vermont, has been its president and active and responsible business head.

The public career of Senator PROCTOR commenced in 1866, when he was elected one of the selectmen of the town of Rutland. In 1867 and 1868 he was a member of the state legislature, and the latter year he was a member of the committee on ways and means. In 1874 he was chosen to the state senate, and was president pro tempore of that body. In 1876 he was elected lieutenant-governor for the ensuing biennial term, and in 1878 was elected governor for the term of two years. In 1884 he was a delegate at large to the Republican national convention. In 1888 he was chairman of the Vermont delegation in the Republican national convention that nominated Benjamin Harrison, and he was also chairman of the delegation in the convention that nominated William McKinley for President. In September, 1888, he was elected the first repre-

sentative of the new town of Proctor, which the previous legislature had created and named in his honor. He was unanimously recommended by the members of that legislature for a position in the Cabinet, and the following March was appointed by President Harrison as Secretary of War. In that position he won a national reputation by his conduct of the office. Under his administration that department was placed on a strictly business basis. He was painstaking and methodical in whatever he did or directed to be done by others. He was an able and trusted counselor of the President, and his opinion upon all public questions had great weight with his associates assembled about the cabinet table.

In November, 1891, he resigned his office of Secretary of War to accept an appointment to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. George F. Edmunds; was elected United States Senator by the legislature in October, 1892, and was reelected in 1898, and again in 1904, and had he lived his term would not have expired until March 4, 1911. During his senatorial career he served upon many important committees, notably those of Agriculture and Forestry, of which he was many years the chairman, Military Affairs, Post-Offices and Post-Roads, Fisheries, and Revision of the Laws of the United States. It is in the committee room that the greatest and most important legislation is done, and it was here that Senator PROCTOR performed his most laborious work, and did it with such efficiency and faithfulness that his recommendations were rarely questioned. I have often heard it remarked by conferees of the House who had been in conference with him over some disagreeing vote of the two bodies that they generally found themselves agreeing with him by reason of the clear, concise, and convincing argument he was always prepared to present in behalf of the Senate's contention.

He was not an orator according to the general acceptance of the word. He never talked to the galleries, nor was he ever known to play to the grand stand. It was but occasionally he participated in the debates of the Senate, but whenever he did he was thoroughly equipped, and spoke with deliberation and from a high sense of duty. He had made careful study of the Constitution of the United States and the debates of the able men who composed the convention that wrote and adopted it. He recognized to the fullest extent the absolute independence of each of the three coordinate branches of government, and could not brook any attempted interference by the one with the well-defined duties and prerogatives of either of the other.

On the 22d day of last February, after the Farewell Address of George Washington to the American people had been read in the Senate, at the invitation of Senator PROCTOR I lunched with him, and while waiting to be served he gave me a printed copy of that address, which I have since retained, having that portion wherein he warned his countrymen of the danger which was likely to come to the Nation from an unwarranted interference by the Executive with either of the other branches of the Government marked with heavy black pencil lines. He was a man of strong convictions, and while he was gentle in disposition as a lamb he had the courage of a lion. No one ever knew him to—

Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning.

Whenever Senator PROCTOR addressed the Senate upon any important and far-reaching proposition his speeches were prepared with great care and delivered without the least semblance of passion, but in the most quiet manner and without any attempt at display. It was not his purpose to stir men's blood, but to appeal to their reason and better judgment. In

January, 1897, the Senate having under consideration a proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for a presidential term of six years and rendering him ineligible to a reelection, he delivered a speech in favor of the proposition that gave him high rank in statesmanship. He insisted that reeligibility was wrong in theory and vicious in practice, inasmuch as it resulted in making use of the patronage of the office of the President for the promotion of his renomination and reelection, or, at least, subjected the President to the imputation of such use; that the proposed amendment if adopted and ratified would thoroughly divorce the legislative and executive branches of the Government, so earnestly desired and fully purposed by the framers of the Constitution. He strongly insisted that—

The very basis of the Constitution is the complete separation of the legislative and executive powers.

As a further argument in favor of the amendment, even though a President did not aspire for a reelection, the fact that he was eligible, he urged—

Promotes captious criticism. It induces distrust of the President's disinterestedness and patriotism, and it belittles and detracts from the dignity of the office itself. And not only does it weaken the President and his administration at home, but the possibility of reeligibility actually weakens the effectiveness of our foreign policy. In the beginning of our present Venezuelan crisis the common comment abroad upon the patriotic position taken by the President was that it was an electioneering dodge. Thus does the world discount an official expression of the patriotic sentiment of our people because, in view of the possibility of the reelection of the President, the outside world also has become accustomed to look to that fact for the deepest motives of a President's actions.

And in conclusion he said:

In what I have said of the dangers of the present situation, I speak with great deference of the great men who have been candidates for reelection. I doubt not but that they have been as little influenced and controlled by the selfish considerations mentioned as one placed in so inconsistent a position could be. The difficulty, however, is that the position

is inherently an inconsistent and antagonistic one. One person can not in the nature of things be at the same time a perfect President and a presidential candidate. I believe that the people are becoming more and more dissatisfied with having the high office of President used, or having it possible to use it, to prolong the incumbent's tenure. They are becoming more and more dissatisfied with seeing presidential campaigns run from the White House. It will be tried just as long as it is possible. It will only cease when the Congress and the States by constitutional amendment return to the spirit of the Constitution and the original plan of the framers. Then no personal ambition of a Chief Magistrate can ever compete with his ambition to serve his country well and leave an honorable record for his administration.

These are strong words and never would have been uttered by a timid, time-serving man. In this instance they came from a man of courage, one who loved his country and spoke from a sincere desire to promote its best interests in the long future.

Another speech, characteristic of him and a conspicuous instance of his power and influence, was delivered in the Senate March 16, 1898, soon after he had returned from Cuba, where he had been for the purpose of informing himself as to the true condition of affairs in that island. What he saw there he told the Senate, and through that body the whole world was made acquainted with the frightful conditions then existing. This speech thoroughly aroused the indignation of the people of the entire country, and they firmly resolved that the good right arm of the Government should be used to wipe from off this hemisphere the last vestage of Spanish cruelty and oppression. The speech was widely circulated; and while there was nothing in the least sensational about Senator PROCTOR, it created the most intense sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land, and had much to do toward hastening the beginning of that short and decisive warfare between us and the Kingdom of Spain. It has been claimed by some that this speech was his greatest effort; it was carefully prepared, and he read it from manuscript. In speaking of Senator PROCTOR the evening of

his death ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is reported to have said:

Cuban freedom owes much to REDFIELD PROCTOR. It was my happy fortune to be presiding in the chair of the Senate when he narrated in simple but powerful language his observations in Cuba, where General Weyler's cruelties were arousing the United States. This speech precipitated our declaration of war against Spain and was the great political act of Senator PROCTOR's long and useful life.

For the future stability and prosperity of our beloved country, yea, to its everlasting honor, one may well hope that our citizenship of to-day and that which shall come after us, and especially those who shall be advanced to public station, may be as thoroughly equipped with that rugged honesty, patriotic devotion to country, and courage to say and do the thing that is right as was so beautifully exemplified in the life, character, and public services of the Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR, of Vermont.

Senator PROCTOR was married May 26, 1858, to Miss Emily J. Dutton, daughter of Hon. Salmon F. and Sarah J. Dutton, of Cavendish, Vt., and five children were born to them. He is survived by his widow, two sons, Fletcher D. Proctor and Redfield Proctor, and one daughter, Emily D. Proctor, who mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father. He was fortunate in business and accumulated a large estate, but his benevolence was unlimited, as his munificent gifts to the town of Proctor and to his State fully attest.

His work is done. The trust he held so many years is at an end. He has laid aside his cares forever, and his mortal remains now rest in peace in his Green Mountain home. His spirit, the immortal part of man, has gone up on high, but the memory of him remains with us still. Who will be the next to join him none of us can say. But we feel the assurance that we shall meet in that "better land," and we can comfort ourselves with

the belief that the last of earth is but the beginning of everlasting life.

We are nearer home to-day
Than we've ever been before;
Nearer our Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
Father, be near when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For it may be I am nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

ADDRESS OF MR. SCOTT, OF KANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: It is a common saying that in America every political career is a tragedy. Like many other broad generalizations the saying is not to be taken as literally true. And yet there are so pitifully many instances in which it is true that the exceptions, when by some happy chance they do occur, always challenge our attention. The rewards of public life—not the financial returns, for in the main they are meager, but the rewards that are found in the opportunity to serve one's friends and one's country, in the rare privilege of association with the "choice and master spirits of the age," in the intimate contact with large affairs, in the satisfaction of having a hand in the shaping of big events—all these combine to give an allurements to public life which is sufficient to attract men of the first class in character and ability to the public service. And so the ranks are always full. From every walk of life they come—because in America there is no office-holding caste—from the pulpit and the platform, from the bench and the bar, from the farm and the forge, from the store and the countinghouse and the factory, from every class and calling, from every trade and occupation, the fascination of public life draws them. Earnest, honest, high-minded men they are, with exceptions so few as to be negligible; men sincerely desiring to play their part well, to serve their fellow-men truly, to deserve well of the Republic, and to build for themselves an honorable fame.

Their work begins, and with every day of its continuance there is a consciousness of growing power that it is sweet to feel. With every year there is a broader outlook and a stronger grasp.

And with every year also the lure of the life grows stronger and ambition mounts higher. And then comes the end. A new issue arises, or a new party comes suddenly into popular favor, or people get "tired of hearing Aristides called The Just," and the fair house, which the man had builded of hopes and aspirations and ambitions, comes tumbling about his ears. When he seems at the very climax of his powers, when he is nearer than ever before to doing the great things he had longed to do, or when, perhaps, the grand prize toward which for years he had been bending every ambition seems fairly within his grasp, the blow falls, and the scepter is stricken from his hand. That is the common lot; that is the average career in American politics, and who shall say it is not a tragedy?

But now and then, to one man or two in a decade or in a generation, there falls a happier lot. Now and then a career is run, even in this shifting and turbulent ocean of American politics, which seems to find throughout its entire course only smooth seas and favoring breezes. Now and then destiny seems to choose a favorite to whom it permits nothing to be denied, to whom come place and power to match ambition, to whom opportunity, instead of being a rare and haughty visitor, is a perpetual bond servant, at whose approach all doors, unbidden, stand ajar.

To this exceptional class without doubt belongs the remarkable career of REDFIELD PROCTOR. In war, enlisting as a private, commissioned almost immediately as a lieutenant, he passed easily and rapidly through the intervening grades to the head of the regiment. In peace, the record, as we have just heard it given by his distinguished colleague on this floor, is even more remarkable. Selectman in the common council of his home city, member of the state legislature, member of the state senate, lieutenant-governor, governor, Secretary of War, Senator

of the United States, first by appointment and three times afterwards by election, in the intervals of public service accumulating by private enterprise an ample fortune. Forty years and more of unbroken triumph. Surely a fortunate and happy career, for the record does not disclose a single important reverse.

But because the word "fortunate" comes readily to the mind as we contemplate this long succession of unbroken victories, let it not be imagined that these victories are to be attributed to mere chance. An enlisted man, even in a volunteer regiment, does not in a single year mount to a colonelcy by chance. The old Green Mountain State, filled as it is with keen, clear-headed, well-trained men, does not trust to luck for its lawgivers, its governors, its representatives in the Senate of the United States. No, it is only remarkable qualities that can account for this remarkable career.

There was the physical endowment to begin with—the towering frame and the faultless organism handed down through long generations of men and women who worked hard and lived soberly and feared God.

And then there was the quick and powerful and finely balanced intellect, trained in the best schools of his day, trained in the study and practice of an arduous and exacting profession, trained in the transaction of great business affairs, trained in the incessant clash and conflict of a mighty forum.

And then there was the steadfast soul, to which doubt and fear were equal strangers, which the terrors of battle could not shake, nor the luxuries of peace debase, which disappointment could not embitter, nor success unduly exalt. The soul of—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.

And crowning all there was integrity, so native to the man, so ingrained with every fiber of his being, so clearly a part of him that men never thought to inquire about it. So far as I can learn, throughout all the long years during which he walked in the white blaze of public life it was never questioned, even by those who might have profited by such questioning had there been the least basis upon which it could rest.

Physical strength and courage, a trained and powerful mind, a soul captain always of itself and without fear, a character spotless and unassailable—that was the superb equipment with which this friend of ours, this great man, was panoplied. What wonder is it that in war and in peace victories came easily. He conquered by the inevitable operation of the implacable law which gives to him that hath, even as some are doomed to defeat by that same law which taketh away from him that hath not. He understood well the apparent paradox of the Master, "He that would be chief among you, let him become the servant of all." His life was given to the service of his fellow-men, and because he could render the greatest service he took his place among those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

My association with Senator PROCTOR was for the most part purely official, brought about through our membership on corresponding committees in the House and Senate, and therefore I can not claim that intimate acquaintance which would authorize me to speak of his home life or the qualities which have their source in the heart rather than in the head of a man. And yet I recall one glimpse into this sacred inner chamber which I can not but believe revealed qualities and characteristics which had their permanent abiding place there.

It was when I offered him my congratulations upon the election of his son to the governorship of Vermont, remarking as I did so the satisfaction a father must feel when one of his chil-

dren is so honored. Instantly there came a look of tenderness into his eyes that I had never seen there before. The rugged rough-hewn face, which I could never look upon without thinking of the granite hills among which he was born, softened into a smile that transformed it, and with a voice which made no attempt to conceal his emotion he thanked me and added:

My own career has been a fortunate one; but I can say with all candor that no honor that ever came to me, no political victory of my own, ever brought me a title of the satisfaction I have felt in the success of my son.

And so he was thrice fortunate—fortunate in the possession of rare faculties, fortunate in finding his way easily into just that department of public life which afforded the best field for the exercise of those faculties, fortunate in realizing to the full a father's hope and pride. Surely life was kind to him.

But may we not say also that death was kind to him?

O eloquent, just, and mighty death—

Apostrophizes Sir Walter Raleigh—

O eloquent, just, and mighty death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, "Hic jacet"

That is the common conception of death—grim, relentless, terrible.

But to this friend of ours surely he was not so.

Senator PROCTOR had lived his life—a long life, filled with triumphs, but filled also with many labors. In war and in peace he had served his country well. The climax of his powers and of his achievement had been reached, and while his interest in life had not flagged nor his mental grasp appreciably weakened, yet he could not but realize the abatement of his bodily strength. Had even another decade been granted

him he could hardly have hoped to build any higher the fair temple of his fame, while the added years might have brought him, almost certainly would have brought him, added infirmities and the grief which can not but oppress the man who has been strong when he is forced to realize that the days of his strength are gone. How could death have been kinder to him than to come when it did, swiftly and with little pain, while the sun was still shining, while he was still surrounded with "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," while large affairs were still within his grasp, while the harness of duties which long use had made essential to his happiness was still upon his shoulders? To such a man, coming at such a time, Death was a friend and not an enemy, bearing in his hand, not the sickle of destruction, but the scepter of immortality. For "to him who meets it with an upright heart," death is—

A quiet haven, where his shattered bark
Harbors secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage, overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

Remembering, therefore, the quality of his life and the manner of his death, may we not say of REDFIELD PROCTOR, as Bunyan said of Valiant-for-Truth—

And so he passed over; and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAMB, OF VIRGINIA

MR. SPEAKER: In the death of Senator PROCTOR the Commonwealth of Vermont lost one of her most useful and distinguished citizens, the Senate of the United States one of its efficient and active Members, and the country at large a statesman who had served his country well and faithfully.

As member of the house of representatives of his State, and state senator, and president of the body; as lieutenant-governor and then governor of Vermont, he measured up to every duty and responsibility imposed by a loyal and confiding people. Appointed Secretary of War by President Harrison in March, 1889, he discharged the duties of this high position with great credit until 1891, when he resigned from the Cabinet to accept the appointment as United States Senator to succeed George F. Edmunds. In October, 1892, he was elected by the Vermont legislature to fill both the unexpired and the full terms; was elected October, 1898, to succeed himself, and reelected October, 1904.

Our colleague, after a long and useful life, fell asleep with his harness on.

I can testify that he was vigilant, active, and efficient. For several years I was thrown with him in conference of the two Houses on the agricultural bill.

Everything affecting the various interests of the farmer was carefully considered. The Department of Agriculture had in Senator PROCTOR an earnest supporter, who looked carefully into every provision of the bill for its maintenance. His strong, practical mind and business habits enabled him to grasp the

salient points in every problem with perfect ease. His large experience in life gave him a breadth of view that made him agreeable and pleasant in conference, as well as liberal and fair minded in settling all differences between the conferees of the House and Senate.

Senator PROCTOR was a soldier as well as a statesman. He was deeply interested in everything pertaining to the heroic struggle of 1861-1865. He held in memory interesting reminiscences of that period and related the same with zest and earnestness. He was a staff officer, and held the rank of major and then of colonel in the Federal Army. I did not have the honor of his acquaintance during those days, although I was doubtless often close to him in a sense. It would have been a pleasure then to entertain him, as I often did some of his comrades.

On one occasion this hospitality was reciprocated, and I was reminded of this at Proctorville when I attended the funeral of our colleague, for there I met the aged General Howard, of the Eleventh Corps, whose guest I was at Harpers Ferry. It was a great pleasure to see him again under circumstances not quite so embarrassing.

The cordiality and friendship between the surviving officers and soldiers of two contending armies years after the conflict had ended is something unique in the world's history. Could the settlement of the conflicting interests of the sections have been committed entirely to the citizen soldiery of the two armies, a perfectly amicable adjustment would have been made within a few years after the termination of the struggle.

Senator PROCTOR was a soldier from necessity, and his environment placed him in the federal column. Had he been a native of Virginia or Mississippi, with his strong convictions and high sense of duty and devotion to his State, he would have

been with the vanquished instead of the victors on the heights of Gettysburg.

Life is full of compensations, Mr. Speaker, and one of the many that comes to a patient and self-denying Representative here is the firm and fast friendships formed with our colleagues. Men of different sections, raised under entirely different environments, differing in thought and sentiment, are thrown together and learn to respect the opinions and admire the qualities of mind and heart of those whom they had previously misjudged or looked upon with indifference. Respecting Senator PROCTOR for his manly qualities, I soon learned after being thrown with him closely that he possessed virtues of mind and heart that easily accounted for his rapid promotion in political life as well as his exceedingly prosperous business career.

I happened to be one of the House committee to attend his funeral at Proctorville, Vt. It was a sad and impressive scene. A great concourse of people were gathered, including jurists, statesmen, lawyers, civil-war veterans, and business associates. The church was too small to accommodate the hosts of friends who wished to attend the services. Three thousand employees of the Vermont Marble Company were there to pay their respects to a departed friend and benefactor. They stood with uncovered head in the face of a New England blizzard that sung a mournful dirge as if in sympathy with the King of Terrors, who had struck down Vermont's foremost citizen.

The services were very simple, but impressive. Included in the pallbearers were two sons, one of them the governor of the State. This custom, unknown in my section, impressed me deeply. To my mind came the thought that better than honors and riches he had won; better than large wealth such as he had acquired; yea, better than the benefactions he had been able to bestow upon the hardy yeomanry who lined up on the roadside

to pay their last respects, was the deep satisfaction he enjoyed in these devoted sons, who, holding up his hands in life, piously bore his remains to their last resting place.

I can not better close this brief tribute to my friend and colleague than by quoting a just and eloquent tribute paid him by one of the Vermont papers at the time of his death:

In the fullness of years, crowned with honors seldom bestowed on any man, beloved throughout his native State that he has so ably and faithfully served, honored and respected by his countrymen and the whole world, he has entered into that rest prepared for the faithful of earth's mortals, and his works shall live after him as a fitting and everlasting memorial.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCALL, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: I feel it my duty to take the floor to speak a word of tribute to the memory of a friend whom I loved, and to express also my sense of the loss which the country sustained by the departure of a statesman who had rendered her distinguished service. It was my good fortune to be well acquainted with REDFIELD PROCTOR. He and I were graduated from the same college, and it was to this circumstance, doubtless, that my opportunity to know him well was due, for he had a way of extending a species of kindly and genial guardianship over all who bore to him any of the ordinary relations of life. We were separated, however, in college by a good many years, for he graduated in the year in which I was born; but his was one of those rare spirits endowed with perennial youth, and disparity in years made no difference with him. He had that quality of freshness and kindliness in his intercourse with men, that fountain of gayety that made him attractive to those who were younger as well as to those who were older than himself.

I was able to understand him better because I had been much in the State, the ideal little Commonwealth which he represented here. Upon a landscape of unsurpassed beauty there dwell in Vermont a people of heroic mold. Her population is made up perhaps in larger proportion of the old Revolutionary stock, of men who were identified with the first settlement of this country, and who fought the war which established our independence than that of any other State of the North, and possibly of any other State in the Union. She has a history of remarkable charm—worthy of the race which

inhabits her noble hills and beautiful valleys. We admire the heroism of those men of Vermont who, in 1775, asserted their independence, not only of Great Britain but also of the other colonies, and especially of the two or three neighboring ones which claimed sovereignty over her territory. Vermont was a little republic in herself, independent of all the rest of mankind, and when it seemed best to join with the other colonies to fight the common foe her people did not even stop to pass the code of laws which were necessary for governing their territory, but they first devoted themselves, and with supreme effect, to the great struggle out of which the Nation came.

REDFIELD PROCTOR was the very fitting product, I might say the fine flowering out, of that race. He had conspicuously the qualities which it had displayed. He had great intellectual power, a talent for affairs, good sense, good humor, and, above all, a kindly heart. I remember well his service in the Republican national convention in 1888, when he was chairman of the delegation from his State and displayed his characteristic political sagacity. There were many candidates before that convention, and there was no candidate who commanded the undivided support even of the delegation from his own State; but I remember distinctly how Mr. PROCTOR on each vote, as chairman of the delegation, announced that Vermont cast her eight votes for Benjamin Harrison. It was the only State that cast its vote solidly upon every ballot for Benjamin Harrison, and he was finally the nominee of the convention. It was very fitting and proper that REDFIELD PROCTOR should be made a member of Harrison's Cabinet, and he served there with great distinction and with great benefit to the country.

His colleague in this House, who has just spoken, has referred in his eloquent address to some of REDFIELD PROCTOR'S notable speeches in the Senate. I recall another speech which made a

deep impression upon my mind, and I believe made a deep impression upon the country. It was his speech in favor of free trade with Porto Rico. Senator PROCTOR did not believe that there should be any tariff barriers imposed between one part of American territory and another part, and he was especially strong in that speech in recalling the old spirit which prevailed at the time of the establishment of this Government and in portraying the ideal wrong of our Republic imposing taxation upon an unrepresented people.

He was not a spectacular but he was a safe leader—a quiet and effective manager of things and men. He left a permanent impress upon his State. I believe his influence was more comprehensive and far-spreading and that it can fairly be said that he left a permanent impress upon the history of his time.

ADDRESS OF MR. FOSTER, OF VERMONT

MR. SPEAKER: Among the cherished recollections of my association with Senator REDFIELD PROCTOR is the memory of a visit I had with him one Sunday afternoon. It was one of many which it was my privilege to enjoy near the close of his long and eventful career. The evening shadows were rapidly gathering about him. Calm and serene, conscious of a life well lived, a work well done, in full possession of his every mental faculty, he awaited the call which he knew he would soon hear. With that perfect self-poise with which he had faced every crisis in his life, he discussed the mystery which we call death, and declared that for him it had nothing of dread, nothing from which he shrank. He was indeed glad to live, but no Grecian philosopher or Hebrew prophet ever approached the inevitable fate of man with more of the spirit of one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams" than did he.

In the course of his conversation on that occasion he recalled his mother and related many striking incidents in her life illustrative of those qualities of heart and mind which made her the remarkable woman that she was. He described how, a motherless child of ten, she assumed and discharged toward her younger brothers and sisters, including a babe in arms, a mother's responsibility. He dwelt upon her character, her masterful spirit, her broad vision. He recalled her last words to him when, at the end of a long and faithful life, her mental vision undimmed by the more than four score years of devoted service, she, too, recognized the approach of the inevitable guest

and, like a victor, calmly went forth to greet him. Then he spoke of Queen Victoria, of Elizabeth, of Catherine the Great, and, in those deep tones familiar to all who knew him, he declared that it was his profound judgment that there was no place in all the world, however exalted, ever occupied by a woman which his mother could not have filled and would not have adorned.

So REDFIELD PROCTOR came honestly by those qualities of mind and heart which were the source of his strength, his power, his greatness. And surely he was a great man. We may not always agree as to what constitutes greatness. We may sometimes find it difficult to form a definition of it. And it is true that sometimes we fail to recognize it when in our very midst. But no one familiar with his character and career, through association with him, no one permitted to sound the depths of his life, to discern his motives, to note his keen insight, his comprehensive grasp, his profound knowledge of men, his rare judgment, his broad sympathies, his rugged integrity, his devotion in peace and war to the best interests of his State and Nation, could question his title to leadership. But greatness is a comparative term. And to assign him the place among his fellow-men to which he is justly entitled would be difficult to-day even for those who knew him most intimately. But that which we hesitate to declare to-day will be apparent to-morrow. Time sifts the sands of human life and preserves for remembrance the fine gold of the right motive, the high purpose, the noble deed. As we look back through the mists and shadows of the past, we see figures that seem to rise to heroic stature, and we exclaim "There were giants in those days." And as Killington and Pico, those gems of the Green Mountains which he loved so well, tower majestically above the valley as one recedes from them, so with the passing years, our perspective corrected,

we shall see REDFIELD PROCTOR in his larger and truer proportions as citizen, soldier, statesman, and patriot.

There are certain characteristics which, if not necessarily the badge of greatness, indicate wherever found true nobility of soul. Perhaps the first of these is simplicity. Like mercy, it becomes the monarch better than his crown. Lincoln possessed it; and so did Grant. History is full of the story of men who have risen to place and power only to exhibit the ignoble, the ostentatious, the vainglorious.

But Lincoln, the President of the United States, the Commander in Chief of the vast Union forces, clothed with the extraordinary powers which result from war, and surrounded by pomp and circumstance, remained the same plain Abraham Lincoln who split rails to fence his father's farm. And this simplicity of character was strikingly exemplified in the man whom we commemorate to-day. Never from him was there the slightest suggestion of the proverbial "insolence of office." He had, indeed, a keen sense of the exalted positions with which he was honored; but he was moved rather by the responsibility which accompanied them than by the dignity and authority with which he chanced to be clothed. As colonel of his regiment, as governor of his State, as Secretary of War, as United States Senator, at all times and under all circumstances he was the same plain REDFIELD PROCTOR. He was the spirit of democracy incarnate.

Not that I am as good as you, but that you are as good as I—

was the spirit which permeated his being, dominated his life, and shaped his conduct of men. He was not merely born among the common people. He was of them. He was continually drawn to them. He was never exalted above them. And at the hour of his death he was enthroned in the hearts of the people of his State.

His was a life of service. This is the key to his character. He was serving his country at the head of his regiment at the age of 31; and the grizzled survivors of that regiment will tell you that by word and deed he plainly indicated that that which was ever uppermost in his mind was the errand upon which he was sent and the sacred duty imposed upon him. Industry and frugality, those good old-fashioned New England traits, characterized his entire life. During those years when he was organizing and building up his vast business, succeeding where others failed, he was not so absorbed in his private affairs as to neglect the duties of his citizenship.

He took his part in the deliberations of the town meeting; he served as selectman in administering the affairs of the town; he represented his town and county in the legislature; he served the State as lieutenant-governor and as governor. In all of these capacities he was the public-spirited citizen and the faithful public servant, jealous of the rights and watchful of the interests of those he served. And throughout his wider public career this desire to serve his people, his State, the Nation, humanity, was the controlling impulse of his nature. He was no dreamer, no doctrinaire. He was severely practical. His voice was seldom heard in debate. But while he laid no claim to oratory, often, when he did speak, as when he described to the Senate the conditions he found in Cuba, he displayed in a high degree the very essence of oratory—the power to persuade by the just and forcible presentation of facts. This attractive field, however, he left to others. It was his great executive ability and his sound, practical common sense that made him the power that he was in the Council Chamber of the Nation. Thus he served his day and generation. Thus he employed the talents that were given him. Thus he fulfilled the great law of service.

He was a typical son of his native State. The joocular remark made years ago, that Vermont was a good State to emigrate from, contained a great truth. That is a good home for the young man to go out from whose choicest decorations are the simple but enduring virtues of human life. Whether that home be a costly mansion, stored with the rarest productions of art and the handiwork of man, or a humble cottage, furnishing scant protection against the winter blasts, the recollection of its faith and love and devotion will go with him farther and abide with him longer and be of infinitely more service to him than ought else he can take with him. And that is a good State to go out from whose cardinal principles are the simple but profound truths of human life and human relationship, and whose citizens see in their State the ancient torch of celestial fire handed down from generation to generation and by them to be passed on unimpaired to the generation yet to come. From its earliest history Vermont has been the cradle of human freedom. The sturdy pioneers who went thither in search of homes fell under the most potent spell of nature.

The wild freedom of the forest, the rugged strength of the hills, the beauty of the valleys, and the fierce struggle with savagery developed within them that stern love of liberty, that resolute independence, and that profound respect for government and all the instrumentalities of human progress which have characterized the true sons of Vermont in all succeeding time. And he was one of those true sons. He loved her hills and valleys. He cherished her history, her traditions, her institutions, her achievements. He was jealous of her good name and fair fame, and throughout his long life his heart beat true to her every interest. He honored the State as the State honored him, and no higher tribute can be paid to his memory than the simple truth that the State is better by reason of his life, his character, his career.

ADDRESS OF MR. HULL, OF IOWA

MR. SPEAKER: It is with feelings of much hesitation I address the House in commemoration of the life and services of the late Hon. REDFIELD PROCTOR. Senator PROCTOR was a man of marked characteristics, of great ability, of high ideals, and of marked success in every undertaking of his life. My acquaintance with him began when he was Secretary of War under President Harrison. Coming to Congress a man inexperienced, I found him most helpful to me in the line of work to which so large a part of my congressional career has been devoted. His State recognized his great ability, conferring the high honor of a seat in the United States Senate upon him, thus depriving the War Office of his great administrative capacity. As a Senator he soon reached the very responsible position of chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and at every session I was drawn in close contact with him on great measures affecting that branch of our Government. In all our meetings and discussions he proved himself the same, a man of clear views and wise counsel. He was the type of those great statesmen who wrought wisely and well for the government of our country in the past, a class of men who came up through the various walks of life step by step by the sheer power of their own ability until they reached the highest point. This type of men are rapidly passing away. Happy will it be for the Republic if the changed conditions of our social life can produce as high a type of men as the older and more meager living has given us. Senator PROCTOR's friends saw with great sorrow that in the last few years of his life his strength was broken and that but a few years more

would remain for him to work out his destiny. The end came sooner than I, at least, expected, and in offering this tribute to his memory I can only say that he was a man to be trusted and a man to be loved. All hail to his memory, and peace to his ashes.

Mr. HASKINS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members of the House desiring to do so have permission to print the remarks in commemoration of the life and character of Senator PROCTOR within twenty days.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Scott). If there be no objection, that leave will be granted.

There was no objection.

And then, in accordance with the order heretofore adopted, the House (at 1 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) adjourned.



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